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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER XX.



YOU advise me to marry one, when I love another: and this, you think, is the way to be happy. It has seldom proved so, and I should despise happiness, if I could only get it in that way.

"Yours, sadly but devotedly,

"H. LITTLE.

"Will you wait two years?"

Grace, being on her defence, read this letter very slowly, and, as if she had to decipher it. That gave her time to say, "Yours, etcetera," instead of "sadly and devotedly." (Why be needlessly precise?) As for the postscript, she didn't trouble them with that at all.

She then hurried the letter into her pocket, that it might not be asked for, and said, with all the nonchalance she could manage to assume, "Oh, if he loves somebody else!"

"No; that is worse still," said Mr. Raby. "In his own rank of life, it is ten to one if he finds anything as modest, as good, and as loyal as Dence's daughter. It's some factory-girl, I suppose."

"Let us hope not," said Grace, demurely; but Amboyne noticed that her cheek was now flushed, and her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

Soon afterwards she strolled apart, and took a wonderful interest in the monuments and things, until she found an opportunity to slip out into the churchyard. There she took the letter out, and kissed it again and again, as if she would devour it; and all the way home she was as gay as a lark. Amboyne put himself in her place.

When they got home, he said to her, "My dear Miss Carden, I have a favour to ask you. I want an hour's conversation with Mr. Raby. Will you be so very kind as to see that I am not interrupted?"

"Oh yes. No; you must tell me first, what you are going to talk about. I can't have gentlemen talking nonsense together, *uninterruptedly*."

"You ladies claim to monopolize nonsense, eh? Well, I am going to talk about my friend, Mr. Little. Is he nonsense?"

"That depends. What are you going to say about him?"

"Going to advance his interests—and my own hobby. Such is man."

"Never mind what is man; what is your hobby?"

"Saving idiotic ruffians' lives."

"Well, that *is* a hobby. But, if Mr. Little is to profit by it, never mind; you shall not be interrupted, if I can keep 'les fâcheux' away."

Accordingly she got her work, and sat in the hall. Here, as she expected, she was soon joined by Mr. Coventry, and he found her in a gracious mood, and in excellent spirits.

After some very pleasant conversation, she told him she was keeping sentinel over Dr. Amboyne and his hobby.

"What is that?"

"Saving idiotic ruffians' lives. Ha! ha! ha!"

Her merry laugh rang through the hall like a peal of bells.

Coventry stared, and then gave up trying to understand her and her eternal changes. He just set himself to please her, and he never found it easier than that afternoon.

Meantime Dr. Amboyne got Raby alone, and begged leave, in the first place, to premise that his (Raby's) nephew was a remarkable man. To prove it, he related Little's whole battle with the Hillsborough trades; and then produced a Report the young man had handed him that very day. It was actually in his pocket during the fight, mute protest against that barbarous act.

The Report was entitled—

"LIFE, LABOUR, AND CAPITAL IN HILLSBOROUGH."

And was divided into two parts.

Part 1 was entitled—

"PECULIARITIES OF CUTLERY HURTFUL TO LIFE AND HEALTH."

And Part 2 was entitled—

“THE REMEDIES TO THE ABOVE.”

Part 2 was divided thus :—

A. What the masters could do.

B. What the workmen could do.

C. What the Legislature could do.

Part 1 dealt first with the diseases of the grinders ; but, instead of quoting it, I ask leave to refer to chapter 8, where the main facts lie recorded.

Having thus curtailed the Report I print the remainder in an Appendix, for the use of those few readers who can endure useful knowledge in works of this class.

Raby read the Report without moving a muscle.

“ Well, what do you think of him ? ” asked Amboyne.

“ I think he is a fool to trouble his head whether these animals live or die.”

“ Oh, that is my folly ; not his. At bottom, he cares no more than you do.”

“ Then I retract my observation.”

“ As to its being folly, or as to Little being the fool ? ”

“ Whichever you like best.”

“ Thank you. Well, but to be serious, this young man is very anxious to be a master, instead of a man. What do you say ? Will you help his ambition, and my sacred hobby ? ”

“ What, plunge you deeper in folly, and him in trade ? Not I. I don't approve folly ; I hate trade. But I tell you what I'll do. If he and his mother can see my conduct in its proper light, and say so, they can come to Raby, and he can turn gentleman, take the name of Raby, as he has got the face, and be my heir.”

“ Are you serious, Raby ? ”

“ Perfectly.”

“ Then you had better write it, and I'll take it to him.”

“ Certainly.” He sat down and wrote as follows :—

“ SIR,—What has recently occurred appears calculated to soften one of those animosities which, between persons allied in blood, are always to be regretted. I take the opportunity to say, that if your mother, under your advice, will now reconsider the duties of a trustee, and my conduct in that character, and her remarks on that conduct, I think she will do me justice, and honour me once more with her esteem. Should this be the result, I further hope that she and yourself will come to Raby, and that you will

change that way of life, which you have found so full of thorns, and prepare yourself to succeed to my name and place.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"GUY RABY."

"There, read that."

Amboyne read it, and approved it. Then he gave a sigh, and said, "And so down goes my poor hobby."

"Oh, never mind," said Raby; "you've got one or two left in your stable."

Doctor Amboyne went out, and passed through the hall. There he found Mr. Coventry and Miss Carden: the latter asked him, rather keenly, if the conference was over.

"Yes, and not without a result: I'll read it to you." He did so, and Grace's cheek was dyed with blushes, and her eyes beamed with joy.

"Oh, how noble he is, and how good you are. Run! Fly!"

"Such movements are undignified, and unsuited to my figure. Shall I roll down the hill? That would be my quickest way."

This discussion was cut short by a servant, who came to tell the Doctor that a carriage was ordered for him, and would be round in a minute.

Doctor Amboyne drove off, and Miss Carden now avoided Coventry: she retired to her room. But, it seems, she was on the watch; for, on the Doctor's return, she was the person who met him in the hall.

"Well?" said she, eagerly.

"Well, would you believe it? he declines. He objects to leave his way of life, and to wait for dead men's shoes."

"Oh, Doctor Amboyne! And you were there to advise him!"

"I did not venture to advise him. There was so much to be said on both sides." Then he went off to Raby, with the note; but, as he went, he heard Grace say, in a low voice, "Ah, you never thought of me."

Little's note ran thus:—

"SIR,—I thank you for your proposal, and, as to the first part of it, I quite agree, and should be glad to see my mother and your friends again. But, as to my way of life, I have chosen my path, and mean to stick to it. I hope soon to be a master, instead of a workman; and I shall try and behave like a gentleman, so that you may not have to blush for me. Should blush for myself if I were to give up industry, and independence, and take to waiting for dead men's shoes; that is a baser occupation than any trade in Hillsborough, I think. This is not as politely written as I could wish; but I am a blunt fellow, and I hope you will excuse it. I am not ungrateful to you for shooting those vermin, nor for your offer, though I cannot accept it.

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY LITTLE."

Raby read this, and turned white with rage.

He locked the letter up along with poor Mrs. Little's letters, and merely said, "I have only one request to make. Never mention the name of Little to me again."

Doctor Amboyne went home very thoughtful.

That same day Mr. Carden wrote from London to his daughter, informing her he should be at Hillsborough next day to dinner. She got the letter next morning, and showed it to Mr. Raby. He ordered his carriage after breakfast for Hillsborough.

This was a blow to Grace. She had been hoping all this time a fair opportunity might occur for saying something to young Little.

She longed to write to him, and set his heart, and her own, at rest. But a great shyness and timidity paralysed her, and she gave up the idea of writing, and had hitherto been hoping they might meet, and she might reinstate herself by some one cunning word. And now the end of it all was, that she was driven away from Raby Hall without doing anything but wish, and sigh, and resolve, and give up her resolutions with a blush.

The carriage passed the farm on its way to Hillsborough. This was Grace's last chance.

Little was standing at the porch.

A thrill of delight traversed Grace's bosom.

It was followed, however, by a keen pang. Jael Dence sat beside him, sewing: and Grace saw, in a moment, she was sewing complacently. It was more than Grace could bear. She pulled the check-string, and the carriage stopped.

CHAPTER XXI.

HENRY LITTLE, at this moment, was in very low spirits. His forge was in the yard, and a faithful body-guard at his service: but his right arm was in a sling, and so he was brought to a stand-still; and Coventry was with Grace at the house; and he, like her, was tortured with jealousies; and neither knew what the other suffered.

But everything vanished in a flood of joy, when the carriage stopped, and that enchanting face looked out at him, covered with blushes, that told him he could not be indifferent to her.

"Oh, Mr. Little, are you better?"

"I'm all right. But, you see, I can't work."

"Ah, poor arm! But why should you work? Why not accept Mr. Raby's offer? How proud you are!"

"Should you have thought any better of me, if I had?"

"No. I don't want you altered. It would spoil you. You will come and see us at Woodbine Villa? Only think how many things we have to talk of now."

"May I?"

"Why of course."

"And will you wait two years for me?"

"Two years!" (blushing like a rose.) "Why I hope it will not be two days, before you come and see us."

"Ah, you mock me."

"No; no. But suppose you should take the advice I gave you in my mad letter?"

"There's no fear of that."

"Are you sure?" (with a glance at Jael.)

"Quite sure."

"Then — Good-by. Please drive on."

She wouldn't answer his question; but her blushes and her radiant satisfaction, and her modest but eloquent looks of love, fully compensated her silence on that head, and the carriage left him standing there, a figure of rapture.

Next day Doctor Amboyne rode up to the farm with a long envelope, and waved it over his head in triumph. It contained a communication from the secretary of the Philanthropic Society. The committee were much struck with Mr. Little's report, but feared that no manufacturer would act on his suggestions. They were willing to advance 500*l.* towards setting Mr. Little himself up as a manufacturer, if he would bind himself to adopt and carry out the improvements suggested in his report. The loan to bear no interest, and the return of the capital to depend upon the success of the scheme. Dr. Amboyne, for the society, to have the right of inspecting Mr. Little's books, if any doubt should arise on that head. An agreement was enclosed, and this was more full, particular, and stringent in form than the above, but the purport substantially the same.

Little could not believe his good fortune at first. But there was no disbelieving it; the terms were so cold, precise, and business-like.

"Ah, Doctor," said he, "you have made a man of me; for this is your doing, I know."

"Of course I used my influence. I was stimulated by two spurs, friendship and my hobby. Now shake hands over it, and no fine speeches, but tell me when you can begin. 'My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.'"

"Begin? Why as soon as I get the money."

"That will come down directly, if I telegraph that you accept the terms. Call in a witness, and sign the agreement."

Jael Dence was called in, and the agreement signed and witnessed, and away went the Doctor in high spirits, after making an appointment with Henry in Hillsborough for the next day.

Henry and Jael talked eagerly over his new prospects. But though they were great friends, there was nothing to excite Grace's jealousy. No sooner was Little proved to be Raby's nephew than Jael Dence, in her humility, shrank back, and was inwardly ashamed of herself. She became respectful as well as kind; called him "the young

master" behind his back, and tried to call him "Sir" to his face, only he would not let her.

Next day Little went to his mother and told her all. She was deeply interested, but bitterly disappointed at Henry's refusal of Raby's offer. "He will never forgive us now," she said. "And oh, Henry, if you love Grace Carden, that was the way to marry her." This staggered him; but he said he had every reason to hope she would marry him without his sacrificing his independence, and waiting with his hands in his pockets for dead men's shoes.

Then he went to Doctor Amboyne, and there were the five hundred pounds waiting for him; but, never having possessed such a sum before, he begged the Doctor to give him only 100*l.* at a time. To finish for the present with this branch of the story, he was lucky enough to make an excellent bargain, bought the plant and stock of a small master-grinder recently deceased. He then confined the grinding to saws and razors; and this enabled him to set up his own forge on the premises, and to employ a few file-cutters. It was all he could do at starting. Then came the important question, What would the Trades say? He was not long in suspense; Grotait called on him, expressed his regret at the attack that had been made on him, and his satisfaction that now the matter could be happily arranged. "This," said he, "is the very proposal I was going to make to you, (but you wouldn't hear me,) to set up as a small master, and sell your carving-tools to London instead of to Hillsbro.'"

"What? will that make me right with the Trade?"

"Pretty near. We protect the workmen from unfair competition, not the masters. However, if you wish to cure the sore altogether, let your own hands grind the tools, and send them out to be handled by Parkin: he has got men on the Box; trade is dull."

"Well, I don't object to that."

"Then, I say, let bygones be gone-byes."

They shook hands over this, and in a very few hours it was known that Mr. Little was right with the Trade.

His early experiences as a philanthropic master were rather curious; but I shall ask leave to relate them in a series of their own, and to deal at present with matters of more common interest.

He called twice on Grace Carden; but she was out. The third time he found her at home; but there was a lady with her, talking about the ball Mr. and Miss Carden were about to give. It was a subject calculated to excite volubility, and Henry could not get in a word edgeways. But he received some kind glances that made his heart beat.

The young lady sat there and gabbled; for she felt sure that no topic imported by a male creature could compete in interest with "the ball." So, at last, Henry rose in despair. But Grace, to whom her own ball had been a bore for the last half hour, went with him to the door; and he seized the opportunity to tell her he was a workman no longer, but a master, having workmen under him.

Grace saw he was jubilant, so she was glad directly, and said so.

But then she shook her pretty head, and hoped he would not have to regret Mr. Raby's offer.

"Never," said he, firmly; "unless I lose you. Now I'm a master, instead of a man, won't you wait two years for me?"

"No," said Grace, archly. Then, with a look that sent him to heaven, "Not two, but *twenty*, sooner than you should be unhappy, after all you and I——"

The sentence was never completed. She clapped one hand swiftly before her scarlet face, and ran away to hide, and think of what she had done. It was full five minutes before she would bring her face under the eye of that young gossip in the drawing-room.

As for Henry, he received the blow full in his heart, and it quite staggered him. He couldn't believe it at first; but when he realized it, waves and waves of joy seemed to rise inside him, and he went off in such a rapture he hardly trod the earth.

He went home, and kissed his mother, and told her, and she sympathized with him perforce, though she was jealous at bottom, poor thing.

The next day Grace received an unexpected visitor—Jael Dence.

Grace stared at sight of her, and received her very coldly.

"Oh, Miss," said Jael, "don't look so at me that love you dearly;" and with this threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her.

Grace was moved by this; but felt uncomfortable, and even struggled a little, but in vain. Jael was gentle, but mighty. "It's about your letter, Miss."

"Then let me go," cried Grace. "I wish I had never written it."

"Nay; don't say so. I should never have known how good you are."

"What a fool I am, you mean. How dare you read my letter? Oh! did he show it you? That was very cruel, if he did."

"No, Miss, he never showed it me; and I never read it. I call it mean to read another body's letter. But, you know, 'tisn't every woman thinks so; and a poor lass that is very fond of me—and I scolded her bitterly—she took the letter out of his pocket, and told me what was in it."

"Very well then," said Grace, coldly, "it is right you should also read his answer. I'll bring it you."

"Not to-day, Miss, if you please. There is no need. I know him: he is too much of a man to marry one girl when he loves another; and 'tis you he loves, and I hope you will be happy together."

A few quiet tears followed these brave words, and Grace looked at her askant, and began to do her justice.

"Ah!" said she, with a twinge of jealousy, "you know him better than I. You have answered for him, in his very words. Yet you can't love him as I do. I hope you are not come to ask me to give him up

again, for I can't." Then she said, with quick defiance, "Take him from me if you can." Then, piteously, "And if you do, you will kill me."

"Dear heart, I came of no such errand. I came to tell you I know how generous you have been to me, and made me your friend till death; and, when a Dence says that, she means it. I have been a little imprudent: but not so very. First word I said to him, in this very house, was, 'Are you really a workman?' I had the sense to put that question; for, the first moment I clapped eyes on him, I saw my danger like. Well, he might have answered me true: but you see he didn't. I think I am not so much to blame. Well, he is the young Squire now, and no mate for me; and he loves you, that are of his own sort. That is sure to cure me—after a while. Simple folk like me aren't used to get their way, like the gentry. It takes a deal of patience to go through the world. If you think I'll let my heart cling to another woman's sweetheart—nay, but I'd tear it out of my breast first. Yes, I dare say it will be a year or two before I can listen to another man's voice without hating him for wooing of me; but Time cures all that don't fight against the cure. And *you'll* love me a little, Miss, now, won't you? You used to do, before I deserved it half as well as I do to-day."

"Of course I shall love you, my poor Jael. But what is my love, compared with that you are now giving up so nobly?"

"It is not much," said Jael, frankly; "but 'a little breaks a high fall.' And I'm one that can only enjoy my own. Better a penny roll with a clear conscience, than my neighbour's loaf. I'd liefer take your love, and deserve it, than try to steal his."

All this time Grace was silently watching her, to see if there was any deceit, or self-deceit, in all this: and, had there been, it could not have escaped so keen and jealous an eye. But no, the limpid eye, the modest, sober voice, that trembled now and then, but always recovered its resolution, repelled doubt or suspicion.

Grace started to her feet, and said, with great enthusiasm, "I give you the love and respect you deserve so well; and I thank God for creating such a character now and then—to embellish this vile world."

Then she flung herself upon Jael, with wonderful abandon and grace, and kissed her so eagerly that she made poor Jael's tears flow very fast indeed.

She would not let her go back to Cairnhope.

Henry remembered about the ball, and made up his mind to go and stand in the road: he might catch a glimpse of her somehow. He told his mother he should not be home to supper; and, to get rid of the time before the ball, he went to the theatre: thence, at ten o'clock, to "Woodbine Villa," and soon found himself one of a motley group. Men, women, and children were there to see the company arrive; and as, amongst working-people, the idle and the curious are seldom well-to-do,

they were rather a scurvy lot, and each satin or muslin belle, brave with flowers, and sparkling with gems, had to pass through a little avenue of human beings in soiled fustian, dislocated bonnets, rags, and unwashed faces.

Henry got away from this class of spectators, and took up his station right across the road. He leaned against the lamp-post, and watched the drawing-room windows for Grace.

The windows were large, and, being French, came down to the balcony. Little saw many a lady's head and white shoulders, but not the one he sought.

Presently a bed-room window was opened, and a fair face looked out into the night for a moment. It was Jael Dence.

She had assisted Miss Carden to dress, and had then, at her request, prepared the room, and decked it with flowers, to receive a few of the young lady's more favoured friends. This done, she opened the window, and Henry Little saw her.

Nor was it long before she saw him; for the light of the lamp was full on him.

But he was now looking intently in at the drawing-room windows, and with a ghastly expression.

The fact is, that in the short interval between his seeing Jael and her seeing him, the quadrilles had been succeeded by a waltz, and Grace Carden's head and shoulders were now fitting, at intervals, past the window in close proximity to the head of her partner. What with her snowy, glossy shoulders, her lovely face, and her exquisite head and brow encircled with a coronet of pearls, her beauty seemed half regal, half angelic; yet that very beauty, after the first thrill of joy which the sudden appearance of a beloved one always causes, was now passing cold iron through her lover's heart. For why? A man's arm was round that supple waist, a man's hand held that delicate palm, a man's head seemed wedded to that lovely head, so close were the two together. And the encircling arm, the pressing hand, the head that came and went, and rose and sank, with hers, like twin cherries on a stalk, were the arm, the hand, and the head, of Mr. Frederick Coventry.

Every time those two heads flitted past the window together, they inflicted a spasm of agony on Henry Little, and, between the spasms, his thoughts were bitter beyond expression. An icy barrier still between them, and none between his rival and her! Coventry could dance voluptuously with her before all the world; but he could only stand at the door of that Paradise, and groan and sicken with jealous anguish at the sight.

Now and then he looked up, and saw Jael Dence. She was alone. Like him, she was excluded from that brilliant crowd. He and she were born to work; these butterflies on the first floor, to enjoy.

Their eyes met; he saw soft pity in hers. He cast a mute, but touching, appeal. She nodded, and withdrew from the window. Then he knew the faithful girl would try and do something or other for him.

But he never moved from his pillar of torture. Jealous agony is the one torment men cannot fly from; it fascinates, it holds, it maddens.

Jael came to the drawing-room door just as the waltz ended, and tried to get to Miss Carden; but there were too many ladies and gentlemen, especially about the door.

At last she caught Grace's eye, but only for a moment; and the young lady was in the very act of going out on the balcony for air, with her partner.

She did go out, accompanied by Mr. Coventry, and took two or three turns. Her cheek was flushed, her eye kindled, and the poor jealous wretch over the way saw it, and ascribed all that to the company of his rival.

While she walked to and fro with fawn-like grace, conversing with Mr. Coventry, yet secretly wondering what that strange look Jael had given her could mean, Henry leaned, sick at heart, against the lamp-post over the way; and, at last, a groan forced its way out of him.

Faint as the sound was, Grace's quick ear caught it, and she turned her head. She saw him directly, and blushed high, and turned pale, all in a moment; for, in that single moment, her swift woman's heart told her why he was so ghastly, and why that sigh of distress.

She stopped short in her walk, and began to quiver from head to foot.

But, after a few moments of alarm, distress, and perplexity, love and high spirit supplied the place of tact, and she did the best and most characteristic thing she could. Just as Mr. Coventry, who had observed her shiver, was asking her if she found it too cold, she drew herself up to her full height, and, turning round, kissed her hand over the balcony to Henry Little, with a sort of princely grandeur, and an ardour of recognition and esteem that set his heart leaping, and his pale cheek blushing, and made Coventry jealous in his turn. Yes, one eloquent gesture did that in a moment.

But the brave girl was too sensitive to prolong such a situation: the music recommenced at that moment, and she seized the opportunity, and retired to the room; she curtsied to Little at the window, and this time he had the sense to lift his hat to her.

The moment she entered the room, Grace Carden slipped away from Mr. Coventry, and winded her way like a serpent, through the crowd, and found Jael Dence at the door. She caught her by the arm, and pinched her. She was all trembling. Jael drew her up the stairs a little way.

"You have seen him out there?"

"Yes: and I—Oh!"

"There! there! Think of the folk. Fight it down."

"I will. Go to him, and say I can't bear it. Him, to stand there—while those I don't care a pin for—Oh, Jael, for pity's sake, get him home to his mother."

"There, don't you fret. I know what to say."

Jael went down; borrowed the first shawl she could lay her hand on; hooded herself with it, and was across the road in a moment.

"You are to go home directly."

"Who says so?"

"She does."

"What, does she tell me to go away, and leave her to *him*?"

"What does that matter? her heart goes with you."

"No, no."

"Won't you take my word for it? I'm not given to lying."

"I know that. Oh, Jael, sweet, pretty, good-hearted Jael, have pity on me, and tell me the truth: is it me she loves, or that Coventry?"

"It is you."

"Oh, bless you! bless you! Ah, if I could only be sure of that, what wouldn't I do for her? But, if she loves me, why, why send me away? It is very cruel that so many should be in the same room with her, and *he* should dance with her, and I must not even look on, and catch a glimpse of her now and then. I won't go home."

"Ah!" said Jael, "you are like all the young men: you think only of yourself. And you call yourself a scholar of the good Doctor's."

"And so I am."

"Then why don't you go by his rule, and put yourself in a body's place? Suppose you was in her place, master of this house like, and dancing with a pack of girls you didn't care for, and *she* stood out here, pale, and sighing; and suppose things were so, that you couldn't come out to her, nor she come in to you, wouldn't it cut you to the heart to see her stand in the street and look so unhappy—poor lad? Be good, now, and go home to thy mother. Why stand here and poison the poor young lady's pleasure—such as 'tis—and torment thyself." Jael's own eyes filled, and that proof of sympathy inclined Henry all the more to listen to her reason. "You are wise, and good, and kind," he said. "But oh, Jael, I adore her so, I'd rather be in hell with her than in heaven without her. Half a loaf is better than no bread. I can't go home and turn my back on the place where she is. Yes, I'm in torments; but I see her. They can't rob my *eyes* of her."

"To oblige *her*!"

"Yes; I'll do anything to oblige *her*. If I could only believe she loves me."

"Put it to the proof, if you don't believe me."

"I will. Tell her I'd much rather stay all night, and catch a glimpse of her now and then; but yet, tell her I'll go home, if she will promise me not to dance with that Coventry again."

"There is a condition!" said Jael.

"It is a fair one," said Henry, doggedly, "and I won't go from it."

Jael looked at him, and saw it was no use arguing the matter. So she went in to the house with his ultimatum.

She soon returned, and told him that Miss Grace, instead of being angry, as she expected, had smiled and looked pleased, and promised not to dance with Mr. Coventry nor anybody else any more that night, "if he

would go straight home and consult his beautiful mother." "Those were her words," said the loyal Dence. "She did say them twice over to make sure."

"God bless her!" cried Henry, warmly; "and bless you too, my best friend. I'll go this moment."

He cast a long, lingering look at the window, and went slowly down the street.

When he got home, his mother was still up and secretly anxious.

He sat down beside her, and told her where he had been and how it had all ended. "I'm to consult my beautiful mother," said he, kissing her.

"What, does she think I am like my picture now?"

"I suppose so. And you are as beautiful as ever in my eyes, mother. And I do consult you."

Mrs. Little's black eyes flashed; but she said, calmly,—

"What about, dearest?"

"I really don't know. I suppose it was about what happened to-night. Perhaps about it all."

Mrs. Little leaned her head upon her hand and thought.

After a moment's reflection, she said to Henry, rather coldly, "If she is not a very good girl, she must be a very clever one."

"She is both," said Henry, warmly.

"Of that I shall be the best judge," said Mrs. Little, very coldly indeed.

Poor Henry felt quite chilled. He said no more; nor did his mother return to the subject till they parted for the night, and then it was only to ask him what church Miss Carden went to—a question that seemed to be rather frivolous, but he said he thought St. Margaret's.

Next Sunday evening, Mrs. Little and he being at tea together, she said to him quietly,—“Well, Harry, I have seen her.”

“Oh, mother! where?”

“At St. Margaret's Church.”

“But how did you know her? By her beauty?”

Mrs. Little smiled, and took a roll of paper out of her muff, that lay on the sofa. She unfolded it, and displayed a drawing. It represented Grace Carden in her bonnet, and was a very good likeness.

The lover pounced on it, and devoured it with astonishment and delight.

“Taken from the bust, and retouched from nature,” said Mrs. Little.

“Yes, dear, I went to St. Margaret's, and asked a pew-opener where she sat. I placed myself where I could command her features; and, you may be sure, I read her very closely. Well, dear, she bears examination. It is a bright face, a handsome face, and a good face: and almost as much in love as you are.”

“What makes you fancy that? Oh, you spoke to her?”

“Certainly not. But I observed her. Restless and listless by turns—

her body in one place, her mind in another. She was so taken up with her own thoughts she could not follow the service. I saw the poor girl try very hard several times, but at last she gave it up in despair. Sometimes she knitted her brow; and a young girl seldom does that unless she is thwarted in her love. And I'll tell you a surer sign still: sometimes tears came for no visible reason, and stood in her eyes. She *is* in love; and it cannot be with Mr. Coventry of Bollinghope: for, if she loved him, she would have nothing to brood on but her wedding-dress; and they never knit their brows, nor bedew their eyes, thinking of that; that's a smiling subject. No, it is true love on both sides, I do believe; and that makes my woman's heart yearn. Harry, dear, I'll make you a confession. You have heard that a mother's love is purer and more unselfish than any other love: and so it is. But even mothers are not quite angels always. Sometimes they are just a little jealous: not, I think, where they are blessed with many children; but you are my one child, my playmate, my companion, my friend, my only love. That sweet girl has come, and I must be dethroned. I felt this, and — no, nothing could ever make me downright thwart your happiness; but a mother's jealousy made me passive, where I might have assisted you if I had been all a mother should be."

"No, no, mother; I am the one to blame. You see, it looked so hopeless at first, I used to be ashamed to talk freely to you. It's only of late I have opened my heart to you as I ought."

"Well, dear, I am glad you think the blame is not all with me. But what *I* see is my own fault, and mean to correct it. She gave you good advice, dear—to consult your mother. But you shall have my assistance as well; and I shall begin at once, like a zealous ally. When I say at once—this is Sunday—I shall begin to-morrow, at one o'clock."

Then Henry sat down at her knee, and took her white hand in his brown ones.

"And what shall you do at one o'clock, my beautiful mother?"

"I shall return to society."

CHAPTER XXII.

NEXT morning Mrs. Little gave her son the benefit of her night's reflections.

"You must let me have some money—all you can spare from your business; and whilst I am doing something with it for you, you must go to London, and do exactly what I tell you to do."

"Exactly? Then please write it down."

"A very good plan. Can you go by the express this morning?"

"Why, yes, I could; only then I must run down to the works this minute, and speak to the foreman."

"Well, dear, when you come back, your instructions shall be written, and your bag packed."

"I say, mother, you are going into it in earnest. All the better for me."

At twelve he started for London, with a beautiful set of carving-tools in his bag, and his mother's instructions in his pocket : those instructions sent him to a fashionable tailor that very afternoon. With some difficulty he prevailed on this worthy to make him a dress-suit in twenty-four hours. Next day he introduced himself to the London trade, showed his carving-tools, and, after a hard day's work, succeeded in obtaining several orders.

Then he bought some white ties and gloves and an opera hat, and had his hair cut in Bond Street.

At seven he got his clothes at the tailor's, and at eight he was in the stalls of the opera. His mother had sent him there, to note the dress and public deportment of gentlemen and ladies, and use his own judgment. He found his attention terribly distracted by the music and the raptures it caused him ; but still he made some observations ; and, consequently, next day he bought some fashionable shirts and sleeve-studs and ribbon ties ; ordered a morning suit of the same tailor, to be sent to him at Hillsborough ; and after canvassing for customers all day, telegraphed his mother, and reached Hillsborough at eleven P.M.

At first sight of him Mrs. Little exclaimed :—

"Oh ! What have you done with your beautiful hair ?"

He laughed, and said this was the fashion.

"But it is like a private soldier."

"Exactly. Part of the Volunteer movement, perhaps."

"Are you sure it is the fashion, dear ?"

"Quite sure. All the swells in the opera were bullet-headed just like this."

"Oh, if it is the fashion !" said Mrs. Little ; and her mind succumbed under that potent word.

She asked him about the dresses of the ladies in the opera.

His description was very lame. He said he didn't know he was expected to make notes of them.

"Well, but you might be sure I should like to know. Were there no ladies dressed as you would like to see your mother dressed ?"

"Good heavens, no ! I couldn't fancy you in a lot of colours ; and your beautiful head deformed into the shape of a gourd, with a beast of a chignon stuck out behind, made of dead hair."

"No matter, Mr. Henry ; I wish I had been with you at the opera. I should have seen something or other, that would have become me." She gave a little sigh.

He was not to come home to dinner that day, but stay at the works, till she sent for him.

At six o'clock, Jael Dence came for him in a fly, and told him he was to go home with her.

"All right," said he ; "but how did you come there ?"

"She bade me come and see her again—that day I brought the bust. So I went to see her, and I found her so busy, and doing more than she was fit, poor thing, so I made bold to give her a hand. That was yester-

day : and I shall come every day—if 'tis only for an hour—till the curtains are all up."

"The curtains! what curtains?"

"Ask no questions, and you will hear no lies."

Henry remonstrated; Jael recommended patience: and, at last, they reached a little villa, half way up Heath Hill. "You are at home now," said Jael, drily. The new villa looked very gay that evening, for gas and fires were burning in every room.

The dining-room and drawing-room were both on the ground-floor; had each one enormous window with plate glass, and were rooms of very fair size, divided by large folding doors. These were now open, and Henry found his mother seated in the dining-room, with two workwomen, making curtains, and in the drawing-room were two more, sewing a carpet.

The carpet was down in the dining-room. The tea-table was set, and gave an air of comfort and housewifely foresight, in the midst of all the surrounding confusion.

Young Little stared. Mrs. Little smiled.

"Sit down, and never mind us: give him his tea, my good Jael."

Henry sat down, and, while Jael was making the tea, ventured on a feeble expostulation. "It's all very fine, mother, but I don't like to see you make a slave of yourself."

"Slaving!" said Jael, with a lofty air of pity. "Why she is working for her own." Rural logic!

"Oh," said Mrs. Little, to her, "these clever creatures we look up to so are rather stupid in some things. Slave! Why, I am a General leading my Amazons to victory." And she waved her needle gracefully in the air.

"Well, but why not let the shop do them, where you bought the curtains?"

"Because, my dear, the shop would do them very badly, very dearly, and very slowly. Do you remember reading to me about Cæsar, and what he said?—that 'a General should not say to his troops "*go* and attack the enemy, but *come* and attack the enemy." ' Well, that applies to needle-work. I say to these ladies '*come*, sew these curtains, with me;' and the consequence is, we have done in three days, what no shop in Hillsborough would have done for us in a fortnight: but, as for slaves, the only one has been my good Jael there. She insisted on moving all the heavy boxes herself. She dismissed the porter; she said he had no pith in his arms—that was your expression, I think?"

"Ay, ma'am; that was my word: and I never spoke a truer; the useless body. Why, ma'am, the girls in Cairnhope are most of them well-grown hussies, and used to work in the fields, and carry full sacks of grain up steps. Many's the time I have *run* with a sack of barley on my back: so let us hear no more about your bits of boxes. I wish my mind was as strong."

"Heaven forbid!" said Mrs. Little, with comic fervour. Henry

laughed. But Jael only stared, rather stupidly. By-and-by she said she must go now.

"Henry shall take you home, dear."

"Nay, I can go by myself."

"It is raining a little. He will take you home in the cab."

"Nay, I've got legs of my own," said the rustic.

"Henry, dear," said the lady, quietly, "take her home in the cab, and then come back to me."

At the gate of Woodbine Villa, Jael said "it was not good-night this time; it was good-by: she was going home for Patty's marriage."

"But you will come back again?" said Henry.

"Nay, father would be all alone. You'll not see me here again, unless you were in sorrow or sickness."

"Ah, that's like you, Jael. Good-by then, and God bless you wherever you go."

Jael summoned all her fortitude, and shook hands with him in silence. They parted, and she fought down her tears, and he went gaily home to his mother. She told him she had made several visits, and been cordially received. "And this is how I paved the way for you. So, mind! I said my brother Raby wished you to take his name, and be his heir; but you had such a love of manufactures and things, you could not be persuaded to sit down as a country gentleman. 'Indeed,' I said, 'his love of the thing is so great that, in order to master it in all its branches, nothing less would serve him than disguising himself, and going as a workman. But now,' I said, 'he has had enough of that, so he has set up a small factory, and will, no doubt, soon achieve a success.' Then I told them about you and Doctor Amboyne. Your philanthropic views did not interest them for a single moment; but I could see the poor dear Doctor's friendship was a letter of introduction. There will be no difficulty, dear. There shall be none. What society Hillsborough boasts, shall open its arms to you."

"But I'm afraid I shall make mistakes."

"Our first little parties shall be given in this house. Your free and easy way will be excused in a host; the master of the house has a latitude; and, besides, you and I will rehearse. By the way, please be more careful about your nails; and you must always wear gloves when you are not working; and every afternoon you will take a lesson in dancing with me."

"I say, mother, do you remember teaching me to dance a minuet, when I was little?"

"Perfectly. We took great pains; and, at last, you danced it like an angel. And, shall I tell you, you carry yourself very gracefully?—well, that is partly owing to the minuet. But a more learned professor will now take you in hand. He will be here to-morrow at five o'clock."

Mrs. Little's rooms being nearly square, she set up a round table, at which eight could dine. But she began with five or six.

Henry used to commit a solecism or two. Mrs. Little always noticed them, and told him. He never wanted telling twice. He was a genial young fellow, well read in the topics of the day, and had a natural wit; Mrs. Little was one of those women who can fascinate when they choose; and she chose now: her little parties rose to eight; and as, at her table, everybody could speak without rudeness to everybody else, this round table soon began to eclipse the long tables of Hillsborough in attraction.

She and Henry went out a good deal; and, at last, that which Mrs. Little's good sense had told her must happen, sooner or later, took place. They met.

He was standing talking with one of the male guests, when the servant announced Miss Carden; and, whilst his heart was beating high, she glided into the room, and was received by the mistress of the house with all that superabundant warmth which ladies put on and men don't: guess why?

When she turned round from this exuberant affection, she encountered Henry's black eye full of love and delight, and his tongue tied, and his swarthy cheek glowing red. She half started, and blushed in turn; and with one glance drank in every article of dress he had on. Her eyes beamed pleasure and admiration for a moment, then she made a little curtsey, then she took a step towards him, and held out her hand a little coyly.

Their hands and eyes encountered; and, after that delightful collision, they were both as demure as cats approaching cream.

Before they could say a word of any consequence, a cruel servant announced dinner, to the great satisfaction of every other soul in the room.

Of course they were parted at dinner-time; but they sat exactly opposite each other, and Henry gazed at her so, instead of minding his business, that she was troubled a little, and fain to look another way. For all that she found opportunity once or twice to exchange thoughts with him. Indeed, in the course of the two hours, she gave him quite a lesson how to speak with the eye—an art in which he was a mere child compared with her.

She conveyed to him that she saw his mother, and recognized her; and also she hoped to know her.

But some of her telegrams puzzled him.

When the gentlemen came up after dinner, she asked him if he would not present her to his mother.

"Oh, thank you!" said he, naively; and introduced them to each other.

The ladies curtsied with grace, but a certain formality, for they both felt the importance of the proceeding, and were a little on their guard.

But they had too many safe, yet interesting topics, to be very long at a loss.

"I should have known you by your picture, Mrs. Little."

"Ah, then I fear it must be faded since I saw it last."

"I think not. But I hope you will soon judge for yourself."

Mrs. Little shook her head. Then she said, graciously, "I hear it is to you I am indebted that people can see I was once—what I am not now."

Grace smiled, well pleased. "Ah," said she, "I wish you could have seen that extraordinary scene, and heard dear Mr. Raby—Oh, madam, let nothing make you believe you have no place in his great heart!"

"Pray, pray do not speak of that. This is no place. How could I bear it?" and Mrs. Little began to tremble.

Grace apologized. "How indiscreet I am; I blurt out everything that is in my heart."

"And so do I," said Henry, coming to her aid.

"Ah, *you!*" said Grace, a little saucily.

"We do not accept you for our pattern, you see. Pray excuse our bad taste, Harry."

"Oh, excuse *me*, Mrs. Little. In some things I should indeed be proud if I could imitate him; but in others—of course—you know."

"Yes, I know. My dear, there is your friend Mr. Applethwaite."

"I see him," said Henry, carelessly.

"Yes; but you don't see everything," said Grace, slyly.

"Not all at once, like you ladies. Bother my friend Applethwaite. Well, if I must, I must. Here goes—from Paradise to Applethwaite."

He went off, and both ladies smiled, and one blushed; and, to cover her blush, said, "It is not every son that has the grace to appreciate his mother so."

Mrs. Little opened her eyes at first, and then made her nearest approach to a laugh, which was a very broad smile, displaying all her white teeth. "That is a turn I was very far from expecting," said she.

The ice was now broken, and, when Henry returned, he found them conversing so rapidly and so charmingly, that he could do little more than listen.

At last Mr. Carden came in from some other party, and carried his daughter off, and the bright evening came too soon to a close; but a great point had been gained; Mrs. Little and Grace Carden were acquaintances now, and cordially disposed to be friends.

The next time these lovers met, matters did not go quite so smoothly. It was a large party, and Mr. Coventry was there. The lady of the house was a friend of his, and assigned Miss Carden to him. He took her down to dinner, and Henry sat a long way off, but on the opposite side of the table.

He was once more doomed to look on at the assiduities of his rival, and it spoilt his dinner for him.

But he was beginning to learn that these things must be in society; and his mother, on the other side of the table, shrugged her shoulders to him, and conveyed by that and a look that it was a thing to make light of.

In the evening the rivals came into contact.

Little, being now near her he loved, was in high spirits, and talked freely and agreeably. He made quite a little circle round him; and as Grace was one of the party, and cast bright and approving eyes on him, it stimulated him still more, and he became quite brilliant.

Then Coventry, who was smarting with jealousy, set himself to cool all this down by a subtle cold sort of jocoseness, which, without being downright rude, operates on conversation of the higher kind like frost on expanding buds. It had its effect, and Grace chafed secretly, but could not interfere. It was done very cleverly. Henry was bitterly annoyed; but his mother, who saw his rising ire in his eye, carried him off to see a flowering cactus in a hot-house that was accessible from the drawing-room. When she had got him there, she soothed him and lectured him. "You are not a match for that man in these petty acts of annoyance, to which a true gentleman and a noble rival would hardly descend, I think; at all events, a wise one would not; for, believe me, Mr. Coventry will gain nothing by this."

"Isn't driving us off the field something? Oh, for the good old days when men settled these things in five minutes, like men; the girl to one, and the grave to t'other."

"Heaven forbid those savage days should ever return. We will defeat this gentleman quietly, if you please."

"How?"

"Well, whenever he does this sort of thing, hide your anger; be polite and dignified; but gradually drop the conversation, and manage to convey to the rest that it is useless contending against a wet blanket. Why, you foolish boy, do you think Grace Carden likes him any the better? Whilst you and I talk, she is snubbing him finely. So you must stay here with me, and give them time to quarrel. There, to lessen the penance, we will talk about her. Last time we met her, she told me you were the best-dressed gentleman in the room."

"And did she like me any better for that?"

"Don't you be ungracious, dear. She was proud of you. It gratified her that you should look well in every way. Oh, if you think that we are going to change our very natures for you, and make light of dress—why did I send you to a London tailor? and why am I always at you about your gloves?"

"Mother, I am on thorns."

"Well, we will go back. Stop; let me take a peep first."

She took a peep, and reported,

"The little circle is broken up. Mr. Coventry could not amuse them as you did. Ah! she is in the sulks, and he is mortified. I know there's a French proverb '*Les absens ont toujours tort.*' But it is quite untrue; judicious absence is a weapon, and I must show you how and when to use it."

"Mother, you are my best friend. What shall we do next?"

"Why, go back to the room with me, and put on imperturbable good-

humour, and ignore him ; only mind you do that politely, or you will give him an advantage he is too wise to give you."

Henry was about to obey these orders, but Miss Carden took the word out of his mouth.

"Well ! the cactus !"

Then, as it is not easy to reply to a question so vague, Henry hesitated.

"There, I thought so," said Grace.

"What did you think ?" inquired Mrs. Little.

"Oh, people don't go into hot-houses to see cactus ; they go to flirt, or else gossip. I'll tell Mrs. White to set a shorthand writer in the great alcove, next party she gives. Confess, Mrs. Little, you went to criticize poor us, and there is no cactus at all."

"Miss Carden, I'm affronted. You shall smart for this. Henry, take her directly, and show her the cactus, and clear your mother's character."

Henry offered his arm directly, and they went gaily off.

"Is she gone to flirt, or to gossip ?" asked a young lady.

"Our watches must tell us that," said Mrs. Little. "If they stay five minutes—gossip."

"And how many—flirtation ?"

"Ah, my dear, *you* know better than I do. What do you say ? Five-and-twenty ?"

The young ladies giggled.

Then Mr. Coventry came out strong. He was mortified, he was jealous ; he saw a formidable enemy had entered the field, and had just outwitted and outmanœuvred him. So what does he do but step up to her, and say to her, with the most respectful grace, "May I be permitted to welcome you back to this part of the world ? I am afraid I cannot exactly claim your acquaintance ; but I have often heard my father speak of you with the highest admiration. My name is Coventry."

"Mr. Coventry, of Bollinghope ?" (He bowed.) "Yes ; I had the pleasure of knowing your mother in former days."

"You have deserted us too long."

"I do not flatter myself I have been missed."

"Is anybody ever missed, Mrs. Little ? Believe me, few persons are welcomed back so cordially as you are."

"That is very flattering, Mr. Coventry. It is for my son's sake I have returned to society."

"No doubt ; but you will remain there for your own. Society is your place. You are at home in it, and were born to shine in it."

"What makes you think that, pray ?" and the widow's cheek flushed a little.

"Oh, Mrs. Little, I have seen something of the world. Count me amongst your most respectful admirers. It is a sentiment I have a right to, since I inherit it."

"Well, Mr. Coventry, then I give you leave to admire me—if you can. Ah, here they come. Two minutes! I am afraid it was neither gossip nor flirtation, but only botany.

Grace and Henry came back, looking very radiant.

"What do you think?" said Grace, "I never was more surprised in my life; there really is a cactus, and a night ceres into the bargain. Mrs. Little, behold a penitent. I bring you my apology, and a jardenia."

"Oh, how sweet! Never mind the apology. Quarrel with me often, and bring me a jardenia. I'll always make it up on those terms."

"Miss White," said Grace, pompously, "I shall require a few dozen cuttings from your tree, please tell the gardener. Arrangements are such, I shall have to grow jardenias on a scale hitherto unprecedented."

There was a laugh, and, in the middle of it, a servant announced Miss Carden's carriage.

"What attentive servants you have, Miss White. I requested that man to be on the watch, and, if I said a good thing, to announce my carriage directly; and he did it pat. Now see what an effective exit that gives me. Good-by, Miss White, good-by, Mrs. Little; may you all disappear as neatly."

Mr. Coventry stepped smartly forward, and offered her his arm with courteous deference; she took it, and went down with him, but shot over his shoulder a side-glance of reproach at Little, for not being so prompt as his rival.

"What spirits!" said a young lady.

"Yes," said another; "but she was as dull as the grave last time I met her."

So ended that evening, with its little ups and downs.

Soon after this, Henry called on Miss Carden, and spent a heavenly hour with her. He told her his plans for getting on in the world, and she listened with a demure complacency, that seemed to imply she acknowledged a personal interest in his success. She told him she had always *admired* his independence in declining his uncle's offer, and now she was beginning to *approve* it: "It becomes a man," said she.

From the future they went to the past, and she reminded him of the snow-storm and the scene in the church; and, in speaking of it, her eye deepened in colour, her voice was low and soft, and she was all tenderness.

If love was not directly spoken, it was constantly implied, and, in fact, that is how true love generally speaks. The eternal "*Je vous aime*" of the French novelist is false to nature, let me tell you.

"And, when I come back from London, I hope your dear mother will give me opportunities of knowing her better."

"She will be delighted: but, going to London!"

"Oh, we spend six weeks in London every year; and this is our time.

I was always glad to go, before—London is very gay now, you know—but I am not glad now."

"No more am I, I can assure you. I am very sorry."

"Six weeks will soon pass."

"Six weeks of pain is a good long time. You are the sunshine of my life. And you are going to shine on others, and leave me dark and solitary."

"But how do you know I shall shine on others? Perhaps I shall be duller than you will, and think all the more of Hillsborough, for being in London."

The melting tone in which this was said, and the coy and tender side-glance that accompanied it, were balm of Gilead to the lover.

He took comfort, and asked her, cheerfully, if he might write to her.

She hesitated a single moment, and then said "Yes."

She added, however, after a pause, "But you can't; for you don't know my address."

"But you will tell me."

"Never! never! Fifty-eight Clarges Street."

"When do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow: at 12 o'clock."

"May I see you off at the train?"

She hesitated. "If—you—like," said she, slowly: "but I think you had better not."

"Oh, let me see the last of you."

"Use your own judgment, dear."

The monosyllable slipped out, unintentionally: she was thinking of something else. Yet, as soon as she had uttered it, she said "Oh!" and blushed all over. "I forgot I was not speaking to a lady," said she, innocently: then, right archly, "please forgive me."

He caught her hand, and kissed it devotedly.

Then she quivered all over. "You mustn't," said she with the gentlest possible tone of reproach. "Oh dear, I am so sorry I am going." And she turned her sweet eyes on him, with tears in them.

Then a visitor was announced, and they parted.

He was deep in love. He was also, by nature, rather obstinate. Although she had said she thought it would be better for him not to see her off, yet he would go to the station, and see the last of her.

He came straight from the station, to his mother. She was upstairs. He threw himself into a chair, and there she found him, looking ghastly.

"Oh, mother! what shall I do?"

"What is the matter, love?"

"She is false; she is false. She has gone up to London, with that Coventry."

APPENDIX.

*Extract from HENRY LITTLE'S "Report."**The File-cutters.*

"This is the largest trade, containing about three thousand men, and several hundred women and boys. Their diseases and deaths arise from poisoning by lead. The file rests on a bed of lead during the process of cutting, which might more correctly be called stamping; and, as the stamping-chisel can only be guided to the required nicety by the finger-nail, the lead is constantly handled and fingered, and enters the system through the pores.

"Besides this, fine dust of lead is set in motion by the blows that drive the cutting-chisel, and the insidious poison settles on the hair and the face, and is believed to go direct to the lungs some of it.

"The file-cutter never lives the span of life allotted to man. After many small warnings his thumb weakens. He neglects that; and he gets touches of paralysis in the thumb, the arm, and the nerves of the stomach: can't digest; can't sweat; at last, can't work; goes to the hospital: there they galvanize him, which does him no harm; and boil him, which does him a deal of good. He comes back to work, resumes his dirty habits, takes in fresh doses of lead, turns dirty white or sallow, gets a blue line round his teeth, a dropped wrist, and to the hospital again or on to the file-cutters' box; and so he goes miserably on and off, till he drops into a premature grave, with as much lead in his body as would lap a hundredweight of tea."

THE REMEDIES.

"A. What the masters might do.

"1. Provide every forge with two small fires, eighteen inches from the ground. This would warm the lower limbs of the smiths. At present their bodies suffer by uneven temperature; they perspire down to the waist, and then freeze to the toe.

"2. For the wet-grinders they might supply fires in every wheel, abolish mud floors, and pave with a proper fall and drain.

"To prevent the breaking of heavy grindstones, fit them with the large strong circular steel plate—of which I subjoin a drawing—instead of with wedges or insufficient plates. They might have an eye to life, as well as capital, in buying heavy grindstones. I have traced the death of one grinder to the master's avarice: he went to the quarry and bought a stone for thirty-five shillings the quarry-master had set aside as imperfect; its price would have been sixty shillings if it had been fit to trust a man's life to. This master goes to church twice a Sunday, and is much respected by his own sort: yet he committed a murder for twenty-five shillings. Being Hillsborough, let us hope it was a murderer he murdered.

"For the dry-grinders they might all supply fans and boxes. Some do, and the good effect is very remarkable. Moreover, the present fans and boxes could be much improved.

"One trade—the steel-fork grinders—is considerably worse than the rest; and, although the fan does much for it, I'm told it must still remain an unhealthy trade. If so, and Dr. Amboyne is right about Life,

Labour, and Capital, let the masters co-operate with the Legislature, and extinguish the handicraft.

"For the file-cutters, the masters might—

"1st. Try a substitute for lead. It is all very well to say a file must rest on lead to be cut. Who has ever employed brains on that question? Who has tried iron, wood, and gutta-percha, in layers? Who has ever tried anything, least of all the thing called Thought?

"2nd. If lead is the only bed—which I doubt—and the lead must be bare—which I dispute—then the master ought to supply every gang of file-cutters with hooks, taps, and basins, and soap, in some place adjoining their work-rooms. Lead is a subtle, but not a swift, poison; and soap-and-water every two hours is an antidote.

"3rd. They ought to forbid the introduction of food into file-cutting rooms. Workmen are a reckless set, and a dirty set; food has no business in any place of theirs, where poison is going.

"B. What the workmen might do.

"1st. Demand from the masters these improvements I have suggested, and, if the demand came through the secretaries of their unions, the masters would comply.

"2nd. They might drink less, and wash their bodies with a small part of the money so saved: the price of a gill of gin, and a hot bath, are exactly the same; only the bath is health to a dry-grinder, or file-cutter; the gin is worse poison to him than to healthy men.

"3rd. The small wet-grinders, who have to buy their grindstones, might buy sound ones, instead of making bargains at the quarry, which prove double bad bargains when the stone breaks, since then a new stone is required, and sometimes a new man, too.

"4th. They might be more careful not to leave the grindstone in water. I have traced three broken stones in one wheel to that abominable piece of carelessness.

"5th. They ought never to fix an undersized pulley-wheel. Simmons killed himself by that, and by grudging the few hours of labour required to hang and race a sound stone.

"6th. If files can only be cut on lead, the file-cutters might anoint the lead overnight with a hard-drying ointment, soluble in turps, and this ointment might even be medicated with an antidote to the salt of lead.

"7th. If files can only be cut on *bare* lead, the men ought to cut their hair close, and wear a light cap at work. They ought to have a canvas suit in the adjoining place (see above); don it when they come, and doff it when they go. They ought to leave off their insane habit of licking the thumb and finger of the left hand—which is the leaded hand—with their tongues. This beastly trick takes the poison direct to the stomach. They might surely leave it to get there through the pores; it is slow, but sure. I have also repeatedly seen a file-cutter eat his dinner with his filthy poisoned fingers, and so send the poison home by way of salt to a fool's bacon. Finally, they ought to wash off the poison every two hours at the taps.

"8th. Since they abuse the masters, and justly, for their greediness, they ought not to imitate that greediness by driving their poor little children into unhealthy trades, and so destroying them body and soul. This practice robs the children of education at the very seed-time of life,

and literally murders many of them; for their soft and porous skins, and growing organs, take in all poisons and disorders quicker than an adult.

"C. What the Legislature might do.

"It might issue a commission to examine the Hillsborough trades, and, when accurately informed, might put some practical restraints both on the murder and the suicide that are going on at present. A few of the suggestions I have thrown out might, I think, be made law.

"For instance, the master who should set a dry-grinder to a trough without a fan, or put his wet-grinders on a mud floor and no fire, or his file-cutters in a room without taps and basins, or who should be convicted of wilfully buying a faulty grindstone, might be made subject to a severe penalty; and the municipal authorities invested with rights of inspection, and encouraged to report.

"In restraint of the workmen, the Legislature ought to extend the Factory Acts to Hillsborough trades, and so check the heartless avarice of the parents. At present, no class of her Majesty's subjects cries so loud, and so vainly, to her motherly bosom, and the humanity of Parliament, as these poor little children; their parents, the lowest and most degraded set of brutes in England, teach them swearing and indecency at home, and rob them of all decent education, and drive them to their death, in order to squeeze a few shillings out of their young lives; for what?—to waste in drink and debauchery. Count the public-houses in this town.

"As to the fork-grinding trade, the Legislature might assist the masters to extinguish it. It numbers only about one hundred and fifty persons, all much poisoned, and little paid. The work could all be done by fifteen machines and thirty hands, and, in my opinion, without the expense of grindstones. The thirty men would get double wages: the odd hundred and twenty would, of course, be driven into other trades, after suffering much distress. And, on this account, I would call in Parliament, because then there would be a temporary compensation offered to the temporary sufferers by a far-sighted and beneficent measure. Besides, without Parliament, I am afraid the masters could not do it. The fork-grinders would blow up the machines, and the men who worked them, and their wives, and their children, and their lodgers, and their lodgers' visitors.

"For all that, if your theory of Life, Labour, and Capital is true, all incurably destructive handicrafts ought to give way to machinery, and will, as Man advances."

The Defenders of our North-West Indian Frontier.

THE spasmodic panic of an invasion of India by Russia which periodically besets the English mind, has been more fully discussed, and with a wider range of view, this year than usual. Mr. Grant Duff's important speech on the Central Asia debate in July,—the discussions of the geographical section of the British Association at Exeter, in August, where the chairman, Sir Bartle Frere, and a Russian *savant*, M. de Tchikatchef, entered into all its bearings, have brought the difficult question more intelligibly before the British public, to whom Indian politics in general are strangely uninteresting, although the smallest details of some petty squabble nearer home are eagerly caught up.

It is this very want of detail, however, which often prevents our caring for a question. It is difficult to feel a vehement interest in masses of men—the millions of India oppress our imaginations; the story of the struggles of a single individual comes nearer to us than the miseries of whole hosts; and how few can realize the interior workings of the minds of men belonging to races who are cut off from us by such a strange gulf of nature and custom.

As was said by one who knew them well, if the Western man reverses everything which he considers proper in manners and right in habits, he will probably reach the point of view of his Indian fellow-subjects. You show courtesy in Europe by taking off your hat; to cover the head and uncover the feet is to show respect in the East. The European asks "with effusion" after his friend's wife and family; it is the greatest insult to a Hindoo or Mahometan. You invite your acquaintance to dine with you; he would break his caste and imperil his salvation if he accepted. You dance for your own delight in Europe; you pay to have it done for you in Bengal. Type of the whole state of things—you write from left to right in the West and reverse it in Hindostan.

There appears to be still greater difficulty to any real communication or friendship between the races since the Mutiny. Even the higher morality of the present Anglo-Indians has removed one bridge to common interests and feelings; and our cold, just, stern rule seems to be even less popular among the enormous mixed population over whom we bear such an unsympathizing sway than that of the French in Algeria, who interfere far more than we have ever done with the habits of the natives.

We hold India on much the same principles as those by which the Romans seem to have ruled Britain, we bring about a reign of law and order, make material improvements, roads, bridges, and the like, but we keep apart from the conquered nation, leave them to their own devices in

all matters which do not interfere with our own ways, and in fact probably change their habits of thought and life as little as our own were altered of old by that mighty mastership.

There is, however, one set of Englishmen who, to a certain degree, pass the barrier which in general divides us so utterly. Soldiers have a strong fellow-feeling with one another; and the officers of the Irregular Forces, guarding the North-West frontier of India, seem to come into very close contact with their men, treating them a little perhaps like children, but with a discipline which, if despotic, is a fatherly one, and which gains their enthusiastic goodwill and even devotion.

On examining a map of the Punjab* and its neighbours for the points where there is any possibility of outlet and inlet to Northern India, a paper by Mr. Forsyth, Indian Civil Service, read at Exeter, "on the facilities for trade with the countries lying beyond our frontiers," may be taken as excellent evidence concerning the openings in the immense chains of mountains lying north and west of us, through which alone an enemy could penetrate. He says that, at present, there are two great routes for the commerce which exists: the first threads the various Cabool passes, Bolan, Goleri, Kyber, &c. (the difficulties of which, in a military point of view, we already know something of), from the valley of the Indus into Afghanistan, Bokhara, and Western Turkistan.

Afghanistan itself is described by Mr. Grant Duff as our best barrier against invasion, since, if the fierce tribes which inhabit it are friendly to us, there would be little chance of Russia being ever able to cross that enormous belt of rugged country; and Lord Lawrence's policy has constantly been directed to strengthening the hands of its ruler, whom we are now accordingly subsidizing largely.

The other route crosses the Himalaya to Chinese Tartary. This enormous range, the greatest in the world, is still almost unknown to geographers, said Sir Bartle Frere in his very interesting speech. Its length is still almost a matter of conjecture, its breadth, as given by Captain Montgomerie, of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey (who may be said first to have spanned it), is more than 400 miles at its narrowest—about eight times the width of the Alps—with a summit ridge, the passes over which average about 15,000 feet in height, *i.e.* about that of Mont Blanc; with scores of peaks of far greater elevation. It consists, moreover, of a threefold rampart, the outer, mid, and trans-Himalaya, says Mr. Forsyth, which sound sufficiently deterrent. Only three of the passes are "available for traffic," and even these hardly answer our ideas of a route for trade. The one by Jhelum and Ladak leads

* Punjab means, it is well known, simply the country of the "five" rivers; we have adopted into English unconsciously two other Indian uses of the word "five": "Punch," the drink, composed of "five" ingredients, water, spirits, sugar, lemon, and spice. "Punch," the play, of "five" personages, the hero, his wife, his dog (in France, a cat, in India, a mungoose), and two others, varying greatly in different countries between a doctor, lawyer, policeman, devil, soldier, priest.

through mountains the snow from which supplies the five rivers of the Punjab, and is much praised by Captain Montgomerie, because "none of the passes exceed 13,900 feet, and are open for at least seven or eight months in the year." One "very remarkable depression is only 11,900 feet." Glaciers, steep and stony hill-paths, sudden storms, avalanches daily, fords over rivers a mile or more broad; "only three days out of thirty without grass, fuel, or water;" "merchandise transported upon men's backs, as, till now, the Rotang Pass could not be traversed by laden animals;" "trying effects of the atmosphere at 17,000 feet elevation,"—these are a few of the observations upon the different routes, and do not certainly give an idea of great facilities. Hopes are held out of "a short-legged variety of camels in use at Yarkand," which we might import; and we are consoled by hearing that "sheep are employed to bring over borax from Thibet!"

Mr. Forsyth, it must be remembered, is, moreover, making the best of his case with a view to encourage traffic to pass that way.

M. de Tehikatchef's extremely curious paper was, on the other hand, to prove that the extreme difficulty of the country made it quite unnecessary to dread the invasion of Russia across any of these routes from Central Asia, since, although it is perfectly true that they were successfully crossed by Alexander the Great and many Mongol conquerors, neither the Macedonian nor the Asiatic soldiers were encumbered by the ponderous artillery of modern warfare. They had, besides, an overwhelming preponderance of moral and material strength over the races they were invading, which no European army could possibly now expect to secure, except over an uncivilized people (as in Abyssinia), and which, consequently, never could apply to Russia and British India.

It is an extremely agreeable theory, which may, perhaps, assist in laying the ghost of our fears; but meantime it is also pleasant to remember that we have, besides the comfort of these walls of stone thousands of feet high, a material guarantee of safety, a body of men stationed along the frontier line in question, so alert, so brave, and so disciplined, that Sir William Mansfield in a published report once called them, to their infinite pride, "the steel head of the lance which defends India." One portion of this force may serve as a specimen of the whole. It is stationed on a long narrow strip of land from forty to sixty miles wide lying beyond the Indus, between the Suleyman range of the mountains of Afghanistan on one side, and the great muddy river which flows through a thousand miles of nearly flat plain from the Himalaya to the sea, with a fall of not more than fourteen hundred feet in the whole distance.

The country is generally desert, not from the character of the soil, which is fertile enough, but from the absence of water, and there is only a narrow green belt of cultivation where conduits from the river can reach, or where wells have been dug.

We claim possession up to the crest of the lower hills, while the inhabitants say that our territory only extends to the base, and there is

thus a "debateable land" like that of the border country between England and Scotland, described in a memoir by Carey, when "warden of the Marches" in James I.'s time, and where the same sort of warfare is constantly going on as Sir Walter Scott is so fond of painting in far later days, with heroes much after the fashion of Rob Roy.

Six hundred miles of this frontier, *i.e.* from Khohat, beyond which the Indus makes an immense bend among the mountains,—a part of its course extremely little known, and where the Afghan territory comes within two or three miles of our posts,—down to the junction with the Chenaab, is in the keeping of an irregular force of about eleven thousand men, Sikhs, Afghans, Rajpoots from the hills, Punjabees, with a handful of British officers. It is a fierce service under a fierce sun, where not above a dozen Englishmen in command of each regiment keep at bay all the heady, changeful, warlike tribes belonging to independent Afghanistan, bearing sway over a mixed company of strange men of strange beliefs, with no English supports within any available reach, save a hundred European artillerymen at Peshawur, and yet apparently feeling as safe as if they were in Hyde Park. There is a strange pleasure in such a life to a certain class of minds, the sense of power in danger, which to some men is of itself a sort of stern delight.

The "independent tribes" are not in any degree under the sway of the ruler of Afghan proper; they inhabit a great hill district varying in width from twenty-five to eighty miles, with an inner range rising into very lofty mountains 20,000 feet high and more. One beautiful snowy peak, above 16,000 feet in height, is called the tent of Solomon (where old maps remark incidentally that "the ark rested"), and can be seen fifty or sixty miles across the plain at our head-quarters.

These wild mountaineers are strong active men, not tall, but very broad-shouldered, with a Jewish cast of countenance, always in the face of the enemy, always ready to turn out at a moment's notice. Every man is a soldier, and some of the tribes are very numerous: one is reported as being able to bring a thousand matchlocks into the field.

Every village community governs itself; most of them are very small, sometimes not containing above two or three hundred men in each. They are Mahometans, and although this does not exclude caste, there is scarcely any among the hillsmen. They speak Ordoo, a mixture of Persian and Sanscrit, and seem to have no common bond among them; indeed they are so often at war between themselves, that we can usually obtain the assistance of one village against another.

They seem pretty nearly in the state of the Highland clans in the last century, owning no allegiance except to their own chief,—their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Their narrow sterile valleys are not able to afford them enough to subsist upon, and "cattle-lifting" in the plains is accordingly a recognized and honourable profession.

For any popular cause a hundred thousand of them might, it is said, be collected for a short onset; but as there could be no real connecting

link between them, they would melt away like the clans after the battle of Preston Pans, and a victory would scatter them almost as soon as a defeat.

The hillsides are so steep that although the men themselves can scramble up them like cats, the only way by which the cattle, stolen upon these raids, can be carried into the mountains, is up the different passes, small and great. Accordingly, where each debouches into the plain, we have erected a little stone tower, in which sometimes as few as four men, sometimes ten with a sergeant, are stationed constantly on the look-out. As soon as they see the dust of a drove in the distance they sound an alarm, which can be heard at the next fort, and a man on horse-back is despatched from the nearest mounted station to head-quarters, —Dera Ismael Khan, or the like,—where half a troop of cavalry are always kept ready day and night, ready to arm, and their horses saddled, "as was the custom of Branksome Hall." The description of the border fortress of the Buccleughs in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* gives an idea of a strangely similar state of things—ten knights, ten squires, and ten yeomen, "mailed men," "quitted not their harness bright, neither by day nor yet by night," and

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night.

Our troopers are always thus prepared in the same way to start off at full gallop, and as cattle (even stolen ones) cannot be made to travel fast, the horsemen are generally in time to stop the droves before they can reach a pass and drive them back to the owners; while the "Cateranis" escape, like the Armstrongs and the Eliots of the Scotch border, to the impenetrable fastnesses where they cannot be followed without infinite trouble, and are ready to begin again next time.

The requirements, however, of our own Frontier Force have, of themselves, opened a fresh industry which tends to put a stop to the necessity of these forays. The troops require wood for burning, and grass for their horses and cattle, for which of course we pay regularly; this is all brought down on the backs of mules and camels, which return laden with the taxed salt from the plains; one of the few things which the clansmen buy, and against the smuggling of which there are stringent penalties.

There is not a cart in the whole district, or indeed a road for wheels of any kind: fifty pack camels and forty mules are accordingly allotted to each battalion for transport, and their packing is always done with the greatest care; it is a difficult art, their backs are easily galled and very hard to cure. Each pack-saddle is made carefully to fit the back it is intended for; while on a march the officer in charge is constantly on the watch for any symptoms of uneasiness, when the burdens are instantly shifted before serious mischief has taken place. What the want of this knowledge has cost the nation during the Abyssinian war, will probably never be known. The number of valuable animals brought from great distances which were thus rendered useless, and which, as there was neither forage to keep them, nor time for their recovery, had then to be destroyed, was

enormous, and forms one item in that disproportion between the estimate and the expenditure concerning which we are now so ruefully and uselessly troubling ourselves. If a number of men had been sent from India accustomed to the business, thousands of mules and hundreds of thousands of pounds might, it is believed, have been saved.

Such of the requirements of the English officers as cannot travel upon a saddle must come up from Kurrachee in the slow river boats of the Indus, which are apt to get stranded on the sand-shoals, or delayed when the river has burst its banks after the rains and is overflowing in all directions, so that their progress is slow.

The want of water beyond reach of the river is the grand impediment to cultivation and civilization; it is accordingly a religious duty to supply it, and a proverb declares that "Three things only make a man: to have a son born to him, to plant a tree, and to dig a well," and this duty is sometimes strangely performed. One evening a troop of the Irregular Force on march stopped at a few solitary huts: but they could find no inhabitants, and the well was dry. Seeing a hole with a heap of earth beside it, however, the officer looked down into the darkness, and a little weak old voice called out from the bottom, praying him, for the love of God, to draw up a basketful of soil to the surface of the earth: he did as he was asked; and then the old man, still out of the depths of his hole, explained how he had vowed to dig a well, that now for many years he had spent nearly all of every day picking away the earth with his little scoop, depending upon any passer-by, whom he could persuade to help him, for removing the "spoil," by spoonfuls as it were, with a string and an old basket, which he was too weak to do himself; he went up and down by some wretched bits of stick and cord, had dug forty feet and more, and was expecting to reach water quickly. No hermit was ever more solitary. And then the troop moved on to find supplies elsewhere, and no one ever heard the result of the poor little burrower's unwearied perseverance.

The blood-feuds among the clansmen are ferocious, like the Corsican vendettas, going on for generations till whole families are extirpated, and men are to be found, as in the Morea, confined to their own houses, or rather towers, which they dare not leave for fear of assassination, and who have thus endured confinement for nearly a lifetime.

There is, however, a sort of money tariff to which we ourselves defer, and exact, when occasion demands, for our own losses. Thirty-six rupees is the price of a man when murdered, and only fourteen for a woman, but then she is worth this money whether alive or dead; if she is carried off, the offender is required either to pay her value or to *supply another as good* to the husband or father to whom she belonged, and who has therefore lost her services. (Query, who is to be the judge whether the new wife is or is not an equivalent to the old one?) She is a very useful chattel, meaning work and doing it; besides which fourteen rupees is not cheap, and does not at all imply a low money value—a cow may be bought for one or two rupees, so that she is worth a number of cows.

Many of the men who enlist have mortal enmities among themselves, but under our impartial sway, all such are ignored until, during their leave of absence, they can comfortably take up the quarrel with the man they have, perhaps, been standing shoulder to shoulder with, at the point where they left it off, and kill and stab as pleasantly as before.

Occasionally, by means of this compounding system, a peace is brought about between families, and a strange sort of debtor and creditor account comes out, as thus, "Your side have killed a couple of my cousins and a great-uncle; but, per contra, as a set-off, we have killed your grandfather and a nephew, and there was that little affair about your wife's sister never settled, so we are nearly square, and there is only a trifle to be paid."

A certain non-commissioned officer, one Jheloom Khan (or "Friday"), when at home once on leave was sent for by a family with whom his own had had a long feud, telling him that they wished to make an honourable bargain, and strike the balance between his losses and theirs, and if he would come up to their tower they would pay him the blood-money due. He went up in all good faith, accordingly, with a friend. The towers are composed of three low rooms one above the other. He was received with much honour; but when he entered he saw that the arms, which are generally kept on the ground-floor, had been removed. "Treachery," whispered he to his friend, but he did not like to turn away. When they reached the top story, which was that upon the roof, they found the whole family ranged with the arms in their hands ready to set on him and put him to death. Jheloom had, however, kept his sword drawn in his hand: he hewed down the man in front of him, who was not prepared for such readiness, and killed him; and before the rest had recovered their wits he had turned to the parapet, sprung upon the battlements, and thrown himself over; it was better to die so than like a wild beast in a trap, he said. Luckily the ground had been lately ploughed up to the very foot of the tower on that side; he fell soft. His companion followed his example, although he received a wound in the leg as he climbed, and the two were up and far away before their pursuers could get downstairs and follow them.

This man and his would-be murderer may meet again under the English flag any day in peace.

On another occasion when this same Jheloom, who was a capital officer, had returned to his home in the mountains, his horse lost a shoe, and the only blacksmith within reach belonged to a hostile tribe. One of his fellow-soldiers of the same village, though rightfully an enemy, had nevertheless a comrade's feeling for Jheloom and undertook to get the horse shod for him. The ownership was, however, unfortunately discovered, and the horse kept back, much to the soldier's annoyance. Upon this Jheloom went down to the watering-place of the tribe, and retaliated by carrying away three women, whom he declared he should keep as hostages until his horse was restored. It was the time of a great

feast, and a Mollah soon after came up to him with vehement entreaties that he would allow the women to return home for the ceremony, promising that the horse should be sent back. He let his captives go, but the horse never appeared. After a little time one of the women returned to him, saying that as she knew they had been suffered to go free on a condition which had been violated, she did not choose to be a party to such unjust conduct, and had come back to give herself up. Jheloom was delighted, sent for the priest to marry them instantly, and declared he would not give her up again for any horse that ever was born.

The hillsmen enlist willingly in our service and there is never any lack of recruits. After one of their villages had been burnt and destroyed for some crime,* fifteen of the inhabitants enlisted next day in the English force, one of them with a fresh wound in the thigh made by our troops. They are used to fighting, and do not much care on which side it is. The honour of the flag under which they are serving at the moment, not any feeling either political or personal, seems to be their ruling passion ; but they are as wonderfully true to the salt they are eating at the time of their engagement as Dugald Dalgetty himself. " That standard is carried either by my father or my brother, it is the privilege of our family in the Clan," a man has more than once been heard to say in the attack on a village, after which recognition he went on to the assault as if it had been against the devil in person.

They fling stones with dreadful precision, and many of our officers have suffered in this way in the hillside warfare. It is no child's play. In one affray only, three of them were killed and wounded ; the life of the third being saved by the chain of his helmet which he had taken off to drink at a well a short time before ; his troop having been surprised by the enemy, he had not had the time to fasten it properly, and he threw the chain into the crown of the helmet, where it warded off the force of a large stone which would otherwise have crushed his head.

On one occasion a smart-looking young chief came up to enlist. " Such a dandy as you will not do for a common soldier. I daresay you are rich enough to have a wife ? " was the answer to his proposal. " Yes, I have three," he said with much pride. " How could you afford so many ? " " Why, I had three sisters, and I exchanged them all for wives." After a day or two this fine gentleman, who evidently had only come up on some whim, repented himself, and as his engagement was not complete, was allowed to go home. We want no unwilling recruits.

Nearly half of some of the regiments consist of Afghans, sometimes as many as 340 or 350 out of 800 men. The rest are Sikhs, Rajpoots from

* On this frontier each village is held responsible for the crimes of its inhabitants, but there is a great difference of opinion as to the policy of thus punishing the community for the man. On the frontier of Beloochistan, further down the river, every offender is pursued to the uttermost, but his tribe does not bear his penalty.

the hills, Punjabees. The different races eat apart, are not friendly, and are kept in different companies. They are thus useful as a check upon one another; "divide et impera" as usual. The Afghans have most dash, and are put in front when there is an attack; the Sikhs have more steadiness in their bravery, and are kept as supports.

The words of command are given in English, and every new recruit must learn as much of the master tongue as to understand these, and the non-commissioned officers a good deal more. The extreme frugality of the natives enables the soldiers to live on a fabulously small pay, but it has not been increased with the cost of living and is now too low. Even the non-commissioned officers receive only 3*l.* 10*s.* monthly, and an ordinary private has fourteen shillings a month! out of which he is expected to feed himself and to provide his shoes and clothing, with the exception of one uniform suit, which is given him piecemeal, the trousers one year and the jacket the next. The boots come from England, and cost eight or nine shillings, but they are pulled off immediately after parade, and therefore last nearly as long as his engagement, which is a short one. Out of this pittance, however, he generally contrives to lay by something for his wife in the hills, as it is not considered "respectable" to have her at the English quarters; he lives chiefly on a sort of pulse, rice being a luxury. The independent way in which the force is managed, gives each officer more individual responsibility than in the regular army, and increases his pride in his work and his influence with his men.

There is, apparently, much the same kind of charm as in driving a team of wild horses or fiery mules in the command of such an army, and as the Englishman looks round on his dusky followers, the prestige by which that solitary white man is enabled to rule by right of the strongest in character and will, in mind and even in body, makes him, if he does his duty, an unconscious civilizer to an extent almost incalculable. There is no place, perhaps, where the personal character of each representative of the ruling race is so important, where he can do so much good and so much harm.

Englishmen sometimes have been known to take advantage of out-of-the-way positions to throw off, not only the restraints of Christianity, but even those of the natives, when they become worse than savages; but "an officer and a gentleman," in the highest sense, has, indeed, a grand career in such a post—that he should be true, honourable, high-minded, merciful, and just, that he should hold up before the many eyes fixed upon him a Christian ideal;—and he is of far greater value than many missionaries, even in the Christianizing part of the task which is supposed to be their mission.

The extraordinary influence of one high-minded European over whole masses of men has been shown again and again in India. For instance, Colonel Nicholson acquired such a name among his soldiers, that, to his horror, a sect arose called the Nicholonees; and he is said once to have

flogged a man who prostrated himself before him, and was proceeding to do him divine honours.

Little thought of in England, where, indeed, their existence is scarcely known, the "thin red line" of our defenders stretches thus along our frontier, with their lives in their hands, ready at any moment for action. It is wonderful by what a number of brave, able, unassuming men, England is served in her outlying possessions, men satisfied to be on "duty," whatever it is, and wherever it happens to be, taking it simply as duty, to be done as well as it can be done, with scarcely any recognition by the nation.

That we have many such first-rate men in character and ability among our Indian officers, civil and military, is the reason why we have held India so long. That much of the ill-blood and dislike of our rule which we hear of has been caused by the absurd, thoughtless, careless insolence of many of the younger men, has been sadly borne witness to by those best acquainted with the country. A better and wider education, showing that there are cultures besides those we are accustomed to, forcing us to recognize qualities different from our own, would be of the greatest importance to those destined to rule in India; at the lowest, teaching that the people under us are often only in those earlier stages of civilization through which we ourselves have passed; but at least every Englishman in India should be called on to remember that he is a type of his race to thousands of natives, by whose conduct our civilization and Christianity are judged, and that he has no more right to fail in this part of his duty than for a sentinel to be found off his post.

The Execution by Hara-Kiri.

[BY ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, SECRETARY TO H.M.'S LEGATION IN JAPAN.]

I was sent officially to witness the execution by *Hara-Kiri** (self-immolation by disembowelling), of Taki Zenzaburo, the officer of the Prince of Bizen. He it was who gave the order to fire on the foreign settlement at Hiogo. As the *Hara-Kiri* is one of the Japanese customs which has excited the greatest curiosity in Europe, although, owing to the fact that it had never hitherto been witnessed by foreigners, it has seemed little better than a fable, I will relate what occurred.

The ceremony, which was ordered by the Mikado himself, took place at 10.30 at night in the Temple of Seigukuji, the head-quarters of the Satsuma troops at Hiogo. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations. We were seven foreigners in all.

We were conducted to the temple by officers of the Princes of Satsuma and Choshu. Although the ceremony was to be conducted in the most private manner, the casual remarks which we overheard in the streets, and a crowd lining the principal entrance to the temple, showed that it was a matter of no little interest to the public. The courtyard of the temple presented a most picturesque sight; it was crowded with soldiers standing about in knots round large fires, which threw a dim flickering light over the heavy eaves and quaint gable-ends of the sacred buildings. We were shown into an inner room where we were to wait until the preparation for the ceremony was completed: in the next room to us were the high Japanese officers. After a long interval, which seemed doubly long from the silence which prevailed, Itô Shunsuke, the provisional Governor of Hiogo, came and took down our names, and informed us that seven *kenshi*, sheriffs or witnesses, would attend on the part of the Japanese. He and another officer represented the Mikado; two captains of Satsuma's infantry, and two of Choshu's, with a representative of the Prince of Bizen, the clan of the condemned man, completed the number, which was probably arranged in order to tally with that of the foreigners. Itô Shunsuke further inquired whether we wished to put any questions to the prisoner. We replied in the negative.

A further delay then ensued, after which we were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the *hondo* or main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large

* *Hara-Kiri* from *hara*, the belly; and *kiri*, root form of *kiru*, to cut.

hall with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim mysterious light, just sufficient to let all the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenzaburo, a stalwart man thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony, with the peculiar hempen cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *kaishaku* and three officers, who wore the *zimbaori* or war surcoat with gold-tissue facings. The word *kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word *executioner* is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman: in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned, and the relation between them is rather that of principal and second than that of victim and executioner. In this instance the *kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburo, and was selected by the friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

With the *kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburo advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them, then drawing near to the foreigners they saluted us in the same way, perhaps even with more deference: in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on to the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated * himself on the felt carpet with his back to the high altar, the *kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side. One of the three attendant officers then came forward bearing a stand of the kind used in temples for offerings, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the *wakizashi*, the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine inches and a half in length, with a point and an edge as sharp as a razor's. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raising it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of himself.

After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburo, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no sign of fear either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:—

"I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kôbé, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel

* Seated himself—that is, in the Japanese fashion, his knees and toes touching the ground, and his body resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death.

myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honour of witnessing the act."

Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees to prevent himself from falling backwards, for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forwards. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then, stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left-hand side, he drew it slowly across to the right side, and turning the dirk in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards. During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk he leaned forward and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

A dead silence followed, broken only by the hideous noise of the blood gushing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man. It was horrible.

The *kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword, and retired from the raised floor; and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing over to where the foreign witnesses sat, called us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple.

The ceremony, to which the place and the hour gave an additional solemnity, was characterized throughout by that extreme dignity and punctiliousness which are the distinctive marks of the proceedings of Japanese gentlemen of rank; and it is important to note this fact, because it carries with it the conviction that the dead man was indeed the officer who had committed the crime, and no substitute. While profoundly impressed by the terrible scene, it was impossible at the same time not to be filled with admiration of the firm and manly bearing of the sufferer, and of the nerve with which the *kaishaku* performed his last duty to his master. Nothing could more strongly show the force of education. The *samurai*, or gentleman of the military class, from his earliest years learns to look upon the *Hara-Kiri* as a ceremony in which some day he may be called upon to play a part as principal or second. In old-fashioned families, which hold to the traditions of ancient chivalry, the child is instructed in the rite and familiarized with the idea as an honourable expiation of crime or blotting-out of disgrace. If the hour comes, he is prepared for it, and bravely faces an ordeal which early training has

robbed of half its horrors. In what other country in the world does a man learn that the last tribute of affection which he may have to pay to his best friend may be to act as his executioner?

Since I wrote the above, we have heard that, before his entry into the fatal hall, Taki Zenzaburo called round him all those of his own clan who were present, many of whom had carried out his order to fire, and addressing them in a short speech, acknowledged the heinousness of his crime and the justice of his sentence, and warned them solemnly to avoid any repetition of attacks upon foreigners. They were also addressed by the officers of the Mikado, who urged them to bear no ill-will against us on account of the fate of their fellow-clansman. They declared that they entertained no such feeling.

The opinion has been expressed that it would have been politic for the foreign representatives at the last moment to have interceded for the life of Taki Zenzaburo. The question is believed to have been debated among the representatives themselves. My own belief is that mercy, although it might have produced the desired effect among the more civilized clans, would have been mistaken for weakness and fear by those wilder people who have not yet a personal knowledge of foreigners. The offence—an attack upon the flags and subjects of all the Treaty Powers, which lack of skill, not of will, alone prevented from ending in an universal massacre—was the gravest that has been committed upon foreigners since their residence in Japan. Death was undoubtedly deserved, and the form chosen was in Japanese eyes merciful and yet judicial. The crime might have involved a war and cost hundreds of lives; it was wiped out by one death. I believe that in the interest of Japan as well as in our own, the course pursued was wise, and it was very satisfactory to me to find that one of the ablest Japanese ministers, Gotô Shojirô, with whom I had a discussion upon the subject, was quite of my opinion.

The ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* appear to vary slightly in detail in different parts of Japan; but the following memorandum upon the subject of the rite, as it is practised at Yeddo, clearly establishes its judicial character. I translated it from a paper drawn up for me by a Japanese who was able to speak of what he had seen himself. Three different ceremonies are described:—

1st. Ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* of a *Hatamoto* (petty noble of the Tycoon's court) in prison. This is conducted with great secrecy. Six mats are spread in a large courtyard of the prison; an *ometsuké* (officer whose duties appear to consist in the surveillance of other officers), assisted by two other *ometsukés* of the second and third class, acts as *kenshi* or sheriff, and sits in front of the mats. The condemned man, attired in his dress of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre of the mats. At each of the four corners of the mats sits a prison official. Two officers of the Governor of the city act as *kaishaku* (executioners or seconds), and take their place, one on the

right hand, and the other on the left hand of the condemned. The *kaishaku* on the left side, announcing his name and surname, says, bowing, "I have the honour to act as a *kaishaku* to you; have you any last wishes to confide to me?" The condemned man thanks him and accepts the offer or not, as the case may be. He then bows to the sheriff, and a wooden dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him at a distance of three feet, wrapped in paper and lying on a stand such as is used for offerings in temples. As he reaches forward to take the wooden sword and stretches out his neck, the *kaishaku* on his left-hand side draws his sword and strikes off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations of the deceased for burial. His property is confiscated.

2nd. The ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* of a *daimio's* retainer. When the retainer of a *daimio* is condemned to perform the *Hara-Kiri*, four mats are placed in the yard of the *yashiki* or palace. The condemned man, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre. An officer acts as sheriff, with a sub-sheriff under him. Two officers, who act as *kaishaku*, are on the right and left of the condemned man; four officers are placed at the corners of the mats. The *kaishaku*, as in the former case, offers to execute the last wishes of the condemned. A dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him on a stand. In this case the dirk is a real dirk, which the man takes and stabs himself with on the left side, below the navel, drawing it across to the right side. At this moment, when he leans forward in pain, the *kaishaku* on the left-hand side cuts off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head, and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations for burial. In most cases the property of the deceased is confiscated.

3rd. Self-immolation of a *daimio* on account of disgrace. When a *daimio* has been guilty of treason or offended against the Tycoon,* inasmuch as the family is disgraced, and an apology could neither be offered nor accepted, the offending *daimio* disembowels himself. Calling his councillors around him, he confides to them his last will and testament for transmission to the Tycoon. Then, clothing himself in his court dress, he disembowels himself, and cuts his own throat. His councillors then report the matter to the Government, and a coroner is sent to investigate it. To him the retainers hand the last will and testament of their lord, and he takes it to the *Gorojū* (1st Council), who transmit it to the Tycoon. If the offence has been heinous, such as would involve the ruin of the whole family, by the clemency of the Tycoon, half the property may be confiscated, and half returned to the heir; if the offence is trivial, the property is inherited intact by the heir, and the family do not suffer.

* The events of the last three months have rendered treason against the Tycoon a thing of the past.

In all cases where the criminal disembowels himself of his own accord without condemnation and without investigation, inasmuch as he is no longer able to defend himself, the offence is considered as non-proven, and the property is not confiscated.

There are many stories on record of extraordinary heroism being displayed in the *Hara-Kiri*. The case of a young fellow, only twenty years old, of the Chosiu clan, which was told me the other day by an eye-witness, deserves mention as a marvellous instance of determination. Not content with giving himself the one necessary cut, he slashed himself thrice horizontally and twice vertically. Then he stabbed himself in the throat until the dirk protruded on the other side, with its sharp edge to the front; setting his teeth in one supreme effort, he drove the knife forward with both hands through his throat, and fell dead.

One more story and I have done. The Tycoon, beaten on every side, and having fled ignominiously to Yeddo, is said to have determined to fight no more, but to yield everything. A member of his second council went to him and said, "Sir, the only way for you now to retrieve the honour of the family of Tokugawa is to disembowel yourself; and to prove to you that I am sincere and disinterested in what I say, I am here ready to disembowel myself with you." The Tycoon flew into a great rage, saying that he would listen to no such nonsense, and left the room. His faithful retainer, to prove his honesty, retired to another part of the castle, and solemnly performed the *Hara-Kiri*.

Our Secret Society :

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "COUP-D'ÉTAT."

I.

THIS was in 1851.

There were six of us who formed a club which met on Sunday and Thursday evenings to discuss the inalienable rights of man and to drink beer. We were all under twenty; and as we none of us had a single sixpence, we were the more persuaded that the existing allotment of property amongst mankind was defective, and that an immediate redistribution was urgent. We had, indeed, a whole scheme of our own for the reorganization of humanity and the improving of it. In the first place there were to be no more kings or taxes. All the world was to be a great Republic, governed by a cosmopolitan parliament sitting at Paris, and elected by universal suffrage, every man and woman in the universe having a vote. As a natural consequence of this state of things, frontiers, armies, and custom-houses were to be abolished; and, as it was evident that prisons and policemen were obstacles to the moral development of a free people, prisons and policemen were to be done away with, and every man was to be at liberty to take care of himself. The only point upon which we differed somewhat was the land question: one of our number, whose father had a farm in Brittany, objecting strongly to the idea of a general confiscation. But the remaining five of us, whose fathers had no farms in Brittany, overruled this objection, explaining that under the new system everybody would have a farm, or, if he preferred, the value of it in money. Upon this assurance our colleague became pacified.

We called ourselves the "HEXAMETRON," not, as Horace Toupie, the wag of our set, remarked, because the height of the whole six of us, placed one on the top of the other, would have just towered to six metres; but because we were six in number, and because we had chosen for our motto an hexameter of Lucan's—

O miseras hominum mentes ! O pectora caeca !

by which we meant to imply that our fellow-beings generally were grovelling in darkness, and that it was the mission of us six to enlighten them. Our watch-cry was the word METRON ! which we used to pronounce on entering the room where we were going to deliberate. As we were all six perfectly well known to one another, and as it would therefore have been slightly difficult for any stranger to introduce himself into our midst without attracting attention, this formality may seem like an excess of

caution. But it is impossible to be too prudent; and so, whenever we turned the handle of the door, we cried "*Metron!*" mysteriously, and were answered by the word "*Hexa!*" which was taken in this particular case to mean "All right."

We held our councils at the "Café Rousseau," within a stone's-throw of the Panthéon, and we had selected Thursday and Sunday as our nights, to suit the convenience of one of our number who was at the Military School of Saint Cyr, and who came to Paris on those days for a holiday. Our practice was to meet at five and to dine all together at a students' table-d'hôte, kept by a republican old person named Madame Riquie. After dinner we adjourned to the café aforesaid and debated treasonably over a jug of Strasburg ale. At ten we marched off in a body for the station, to see our friend the Saint-Cyrian return by train to his school.

He was a strong, pleasant fellow was this Saint-Cyrian, and would have done wonders on a barricade. He was studying for the Cavalry, and when he walked down the narrow streets of the Quartier Latin, his bright, handsome face smiling under his blue shako, and his steel scabbard clanking on the pavement, the grisettes turned round to look at him, and the old women on the doorsteps muttered, "*Sainte Vierge! quel joli garçon!*" It is not often one finds a future dragoon mixed up with a scheme for abolishing standing armies, doing away with taxes and proclaiming universal brotherhood; but Louis de Crème was an enthusiast. He was the son of a Legitimist count, who had died whilst Louis was a child and left him to be brought up by two maiden aunts strongly devoted to the Bourbons, the Pope, and the reverend Society of Jesuits. Between them both these excellent people had made the life of the young Louis hideous to him. Twice a week, and on the vigils of saints' days, they required him to fast. Five times a year—on the anniversaries of the deaths of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, on the birthday of Louis Philippe, on the anniversary of his Orleanist Majesty's accession, and on the 29th of July, date of the fall of Charles X.—they arrayed him in black clothes and set him to recite the seven penitential psalms in Latin. Once a twelvemonth, on the 15th July, feast of St. Henry, his tutor, a beetle-browed disciple of Ignatius Loyola, dictated to him a letter containing assurances of fealty towards "Henri V." The young count was made to sign himself "your Majesty's most faithful, loyal, and humble servant;" and the epistle, along with a few score others coming from different parts of France, went its way per post to Frohsdorf. The ineradicable impression left in the mind of the young Louis by a few years of this training was that his Royal Highness the Count of Chambord was a variety of the Ghoul species, and that the reverend congregation of Jesuits formed part of the genus Bogey. From hearing himself constantly addressed as "Monsieur le Comte" by a grey-headed retainer in an out-of-date livery, and from being unceasingly reminded by his aunts that his lordly dignity rendered it binding upon him to despise the rest of human-kind, he acquired a hearty loathing for titles, which revealed itself by furtive gnashing of teeth and muttered

imprecations against escutcheons and coronets. When the Revolution of 1848 broke out and reduced him to the condition of simple citizen, he indulged in unseemly rejoicing. To the speechless dismay of his tutor, Father Pinceau, he purchased a red nightcap for fifty sous, and rushed out into the streets with it upon his head to sing the *Marseillaise* and cheer the Provisional Government. When he returned home at night, after a day spent in this fashion, he found the old retainer François, his two aunts and the reverend Father Pinceau, haggard with anxiety; and, in truth, he looked a strange figure. His clothes were torn, his hands and face were muddy, his head was bleeding from a blow he had received in a scuffle with some Orleanist officers in the *Place du Carrousel*, and in addition to all this he was merry with wine. "Oh, Monsieur le Comte!" exclaimed the astonished François. "There are no more counts now!" answered the young republican. "I am the Citizen Louis Crème, and you are the Citizen François. We are both equal. Here, shake hands with me and let us kiss each other."

He was sixteen when he said this, and his two aunts, the *Demoiselles de Crème de la Crèmerie*, piously resolved to disinherit him. They gave him a last chance by offering him forgiveness on condition that he would go to Rome and take service for three years in the Pontifical army (for the Romans were beginning to simmer, and his Holiness, like many other potentates at that time, was feeling nervous); but the young Louis demurred so unequivocally to this project that the *Demoiselles de la Crème* saw it was useless to hold parley with him. They told him that he should choose his own profession, and that they would support him until he was twenty-one. Louis chose the French army, in the hope that the Republic would last, and that there would be a war with Russia to free the Poles. He was accordingly sent to Saint Cyr, and was still there awaiting his epaulet of sub-lieutenant at the time of which I am writing, in 1851.

The other members of the *Hexamètron* were—M. Horace Toupie, a student of medicine, already designated as the wag of our company; Hugues Cascarot and Maximilien Destouffes, students of law; Camille Lange, a poet and journalist; and myself, a painter. I don't believe six hearts more blithe and careless, six souls more republican and earnest, six purses more light, or six tongues more defiant, could have been found in the whole of France, from Dunkirk to Bayonne. We deeply hated oppression without quite understanding what it meant, save that in a general way every existing government was oppressive and every man in office an oppressor. We thoroughly abominated everything that was a "sham," and in this category we included a good number of things, such as decorations, beaules' maces, the titles "Monsieur" and "Madame," false teeth, wigs, dress-coats, cork-legs, cardinal-archbishops, commissaries of police, State dignitaries, and hair-dye. We were very fond of workmen, and the more tattered they were the better. If we saw a beggar particularly disreputable in appearance, dirty, slipshod, and out-

at-elbows, we seldom had any difficulty in eliciting from him that he was a friend of liberty, that he had been persecuted, and that he wanted a few sous. We always gave him the money, though sometimes it was the last centime we possessed ; and we used to look at each other, half crying to think we could not do more. Eh, the generous young fools we were ! and how many "friends of liberty" we found on our path, persecuted, out-at-elbows, and ready to strip us of our unsuspecting pennies !

We were very fond of one another, and as much together as hard work would allow. We called each other "tu," of course, and wrote to each other as "Mon frère." We all of us—with the exception of Louis Crème—lived in the same street, that old Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine which nowadays is about all that remains of our cherished Quartier Latin ; and we were alike in this point, that having keen appetites for everything that was good, we were obliged to be content with such frugal fare as may be indulged in upon 60*l.* a year.

There was one of us, however, who could afford to be a little less self-denying, and that was Camille Lange, the poet and journalist. Just as Louis Crème was the right arm of our society, so Camille Lange was the head and brain of it. He was a slight fair-headed boy, with a pink girlish face, and hands like those of a woman. But there was the stuff of a young devil in him, and if ever there was a wild breakneck scheme to propose, it was he who proposed it and led the way. There had been some queer and hot street-fights between 1848 and 1851. Many a barricade had risen, stood a siege, and been knocked over in the dust amidst heaps of dead and wounded ; but there had scarcely been a single fight in which Camille Lange had not taken part, and if he was not killed fifty times over during the three years, it is probably that Fate, being a woman, had pity on a boy so fair and brave. He never bragged or talked much of his adventures ; but he was very proud of a sabre-cut which had almost cloven his left shoulder through, and still prouder, if possible, of a bullet which had broken two of his ribs, and kept him three months in bed. In 1851, aged then nineteen years and a half, he was a writer on the staff of the *Pilori*, an organ which was earnestly advocating the abolition of everybody. As he wrote very gaily when he pleased, he could have aspired to a higher and less spitfire kind of journal ; but it was his firm conviction that the *Pilori* was the only paper in Europe worth reading, and as he earned about a hundred pounds a year on it by dint of daily contributions, he considered himself abundantly paid, and would have held it treason to desert. He had also written three manuscript volumes of revolutionary poems, with the unobtrusive title of *Avastigara Aaoü* ; but, as he had not been fortunate enough to find a publisher ambitious of going to prison for six months, these works remained unprinted.

It was Camille Lange who had founded the Hexameton, drawn up its rules, and framed its constitution. The objects he had in view were simple, and were clearly explained in the society's minute-book, on the

first page of which was written in good bold text a preamble dated from the "year 60 of the Great Republic."*

This inspiring document, which proclaimed the fixed determination of the Hexameton to put down the President and to distribute his Civil List amongst the poor, and which, to our thinking, breathed eloquence of no common order, would alone have sufficed to give Camille Lange the leadership of our debates. But he held another and yet better title to the post of chief in that he was the son of a Deputy, of a real Republican Deputy, who speechified, voted, legislated, and had this advantage over many other Deputies, that, when he was excited, his lungs allowed him to make twice more noise than twenty ordinary members put together. His name was Demosthenes Lange, and he was justly proud of having been a blacksmith. When he entered into a conversation with a stranger he never failed to begin with the words, "I, who have been a blacksmith," or, "I, who have wielded the sledge-hammer," suiting, at the same time, the action to the word, and swinging his powerful right arm in a way that made inoffensive people shiver. He was six feet high, proportionably stout, and roared lustily even when saying merely "Good-morning." His usual dress was a suit of brown velveteen, leather gaiters, and a grey felt hat, which he wore planted firmly on his head, as if he feared to lose it. Under his arm he carried a forbidding-looking staff, which would have cracked the head of an opponent like a nutshell, and kept twenty average Frenchmen at bay. Demosthenes Lange was one of those men who rise to the surface of the social sea after a revolution like the spars of a wreck. Under Louis Philippe he had been the demagogue of his commune, the terror of the mayor, the despair of the curé. He took in the *Siecle*, read Voltaire, and had tried to bring up his son according to the precepts contained in Rousseau's *Emile*. He was greatly respected by his fellow-villagers, for he could thrash any half-dozen of them together, and occasionally did so to adjust little differences of opinion. It was known that on one occasion, when the Prefect, the Bishop, and the General of the Division had come to visit the village, Demosthenes Lange had stood in the midst of the road with his arms folded, and without deigning to doff his hat. The Prefect had frowned, the General had grunted, the Bishop had looked at him with surprise, and had then taken the initiative of bowing himself; but the blacksmith had held good, and this noble act of independence had, without doubt, helped considerably to place him at the top of the poll in the popular elections of 1848. On becoming a Deputy, Demosthenes Lange had, of course, given up his forge. He had laid by money enough to give him an income of 400*l.* a year, which, added to the twenty-five

* The *Republican Calendar* dated from the 22nd September, 1792. There are still some determined Radicals in France, who insist upon reckoning by it; and there is a newspaper well known as the organ of MM. Victor Hugo, Rochefort, Michelet, and the extreme Republicans, which prints the date on its front page according to this style. Thus, instead of 1st November, 1869, it would write, 10th Brumaire, year 78.

frances a day* due to him as a representative, was enough to keep him cozily; the more so as he was a widower, and never gave his son a centime, on the principle that, from sixteen upwards, a boy should take care of himself. Beside him, Camille looked like a small ash-tree in contrast with a big oak. The boy had nothing of his father's looks, and resembled him only in his dogged obstinacy. Camille was as frail in appearance as a young town-bred nobleman. He was well taught, because he had taught himself, and had never been drugged with books that were distasteful to him. It is not sure, however, that his father thought very highly of his capacities. He would have much preferred a son who could have eaten four pounds of beef and drunk a gallon of beer at a sitting. But Camille had the greatest veneration for the ex-blacksmith, whom he compared in his mind to Caius Gracchus and Wat Tyler, and although he seldom saw him—for Mr. Demosthenes seemed able to get on very well without his son's company—yet he read his speeches, wrote enthusiastic leaders upon them, and pasted them in a gilt-leaved album, which he read with tears in his eyes.

Somehow, though, Camille had never spoken to his father about the Hexameton, which surprised us rather, for we thought so well of our society that we had more than once proposed that the secret should be revealed to the great tribune, and that he should be asked to become our patron. But Camille had always opposed this notion, either from modesty—as some of us fancied—or from the fear that the powerful demagogue who had openly bearded a Prefect, a General, and a Bishop, might despise a league of six striplings who could not so much as have routed twelve coal-heavers between them. "Let us wait," used to say Camille, "until we have done something great and made people talk about us. Then we can hold up our heads, and the representatives of the people will be proud to shake us by the hand." We acquiesced, looking forward confidently to the day when we should have done something else than drink beer; and it is thus that, during the first nine months of our social existence (March to November, 1851), M. Demosthenes Lange never once heard about us.

The day came, however, when, after lying quietly in a corner—like a forgotten shell on a battlefield, to use the striking image of Horace Toupie—the Hexameton was destined to explode into deeds of glory which startled, not only Mr. Demosthenes himself, but half the inhabitants of Paris. If you have patience to listen to me, I will tell you how.

II.

Most people will remember that, in the month of November, 1851, the land of France presented the edifying spectacle of a nation being dragged in different directions by four parties pretty equally matched. They were

* During the Republic of 1848-51, the Deputies received 1*l.* a day during the session; they now receive an annual salary of 500*l.*

perfectly disinterested, these parties ; all they wanted was power and the free disposal of the public funds. They were likewise thoroughly liberal in their intentions, and hated one another heartily as became true Liberals. The party in power was the Purple ; the other three were the Red, White, and Blue. Each had had its turn in office ; had increased the taxes, distributed patronage amongst its friends, shut up its rivals in prison, and called upon the country to rejoice. Each had, moreover, in its turn been violently unseated by the combined efforts of the remaining three. Thus, at one time, the Red, Blue, and Purple had been in league against the White ; after that the White, Red, and Purple had overthrown the Blue ; next, the White, Blue, and Purple had slaughtered the Red ; and now the Red, White, and Blue were doing their best to annihilate the Purple. The chief of this latter party was a man wise in his generation, an astute politician and a silent. In 1851 he had been nearly three years in power, and was looking forward with unfeigned regret to the prospect of being soon obliged to cede his place to another. But whilst his adversaries spent their time in braying—and with what vigour they brayed those only can realize who had the privilege of hearing them—the Purple chief worked in quiet for the interest of everybody in general, but more particularly of himself. I forget at what precise time it was that stray rumours of an impending *coup-d'état* began to pervade the atmosphere ; for in Paris we talk of a *coup-d'état* as men do in other countries of a change of shirt. But gradually these rumours took ground. By degrees it became clear to everybody that, matters fairly considered, a *coup-d'état* was just the sort of thing one had a right to expect. The only question was, whether the *coup-d'état* would be an executive or a parliamentary one ? whether it would be the Assembly that would suppress the Purple chief, or the Purple chief who would suppress the Assembly ? and on this point opinions were pretty evenly divided. Meanwhile, those well versed in the signs of the times noticed that the police showed a contempt for individual freedom in forcible dissonance with the principles of liberty ; that decorative symbols, nobiliary titles, coronets, and plumes were being revived in a manner not at all suggestive of equality ; and that supplies of ammunition, extra pay, rations of wine, and new bayonets were being distributed to the troops on a scale that looked ominous for fraternity.

One Thursday evening towards the end of November—I well remember the night, for it froze as on the Neva, and a fierce north wind was sweeping the dust through the deserted streets in clouds that choked and blinded one—one evening, then, four out of the six members of the Hexametron were gathered together round the table in a parlour of the Café Rousseau, awaiting the arrival of the other two. It was nine o'clock, and the two missing members were Camille Lange and Louis Crème. It was not often either of them were late ; but that evening they had not dined with us. Camille had left word that his editor wanted him for a sudden press of work ; and Louis had written a short note to say that he had gone back to Saint Cyr to try and obtain three days' leave from his General, on the

ground that his aunt was ill. We expected them both in the course of the evening, and were trying to console ourselves for their absence by taking deep pulls from the society's earthenware jug, and blowing dense clouds from our clay pipes. There was a blazing wood fire on the hearth. The red curtains were snugly drawn, the doors closely shut, and everything had been arranged by our careful host, M. Potiron, to make us as comfortable as possible whilst we plotted the overthrow of the State. But, from some unaccountable reason, we were not gay that night. The conversation flagged. Destouffes and Cascarot, the two students of law, were silent and meditative. Toupie, though it was not in his nature to be ever cast down, sipped his beer thoughtfully, as if perplexed by our low spirits. Myself, I felt depressed although I scarcely knew why.

"Hark to the wind," said Horace Toupie, trying to shake off the oppressiveness of the long silence by rising and peering out of the window. "How piteously it howls! One would swear there were a whole kennelful of black dogs outside."

"Don't talk of black dogs, Toupie," murmured Maximilien Destouffes, who was a Breton, and, like all Bretons, superstitious. "They say in Brittany that the howling of a black dog bodes misfortune."

Horace Toupie, who could never be brought to look at anything seriously, set his tongue in his cheek.

"Do you know, Maximilien," he said, "after I have heard one of your Breton legends I fall to speculating as to what it would be like if the dead at the Morgue were to get up in the middle of the night, steal silently through the streets, and come and pull me out of bed by the legs? I dreamed that one night last week. When I got up in the morning I couldn't brush my hair; it stood up on end all the rest of the day. Here, Cascarot, it's you who are monopolizing the beer-jug. *Oblivioso levia Massico ciboria exple*. Pass it round, and let us see if we can't manage all the four of us to look a little less as if we were going to be hanged. If Camille and Louis are not here soon, I shall vote for whist and minstrelsy." And without waiting any longer, Toupie struck up Beranger's *Roger Dontemps*, clapping his hands vigorously on his knees by way of accompaniment.

Toupie's voice so closely resembled a shrill catcall that we joined in with him in the hope of drowning it. This made him redouble his efforts; and we were all four shouting at our loudest, when we heard hurried footsteps outside, and the next minute Camille and Louis rushed in together, both panting.

"What's up?" we all cried, stopping short: for the new comers looked flushed and excited.

"We've had a run for it," said Camille, throwing himself down in a chair and laughing. "Something's in the wind, my friends! I'm watched by the police."

This communication had the effect of bringing us to our legs without delay: "Watched by the police?" we repeated.

"Yes," rejoined Louis Crème, who was fanning himself with his hand-

kerchief. "I was coming over the Pont St. Michel on my way here—for I've got my three days' leave—when who should I see but Camille, running as if the cholera were after him; and behind him, at fifty paces, a couple of fellows with slouched hats, who were evidently in pursuit. Without more ado I darted across the road and barred the way to these latter. 'What are you following that man for?' I asked. They stopped, astonished, for my kepi, my sword, and the cloak that concealed my tunic, made them think I was an officer. 'Do you know him?' inquired one of them. 'No,' I answered, thinking it as well to be cautious. 'Then, Captain, I advise you not to meddle with what's no business of yours,' rejoined the other; and they tried to brush past me to go on with their running. But I wanted to give friend Camille time, so I caught hold of one of them by the scruff of the neck and said, 'Citizen, we are living under a republic; two men don't run after a third without reason; unless you tell me what you're about I shall conclude you're up to no good, and exercise my undoubted prerogative of throwing you into the Seine.' I must mention that the bridge and quays were perfectly deserted, so that I could have drowned the pair of them without anybody being the wiser. This idea seemed to occur to them, for they glanced at each other uneasily, and then exclaimed almost together, 'But who told you we were following that man? We don't know anything about him. We're running home, that's all.' 'Yes, Captain,' went on the fellow I was holding, 'we're both servants in a boarding-house at the Barrière St. Jacques. It has been our day out; but we have got to be in by ten o'clock, so we are making the most of the half-hour left us.' By this time Camille was out of sight, having disappeared up a slum; I could therefore let go my birds without danger. 'I take you both for a couple of cut-purses,' I said, giving my man an amicable grip that made him gurgle; 'but I've no proof, so that I must deny myself the pleasure of sending you over the parapet. Only, I'll tell you what. You will both of you remain standing here and not move until I am off the bridge. When I have reached the quay you may go on with your walk; and in case you should really be servants, here are a couple of francs to pay you a cab home. But mind, if I catch you running again——' 'You'll give us in charge?' grinned one of them. 'No, not such a fool,' I rejoined, 'for I am convinced that you are cut-purses on excellent terms with the police; but I shall run into one of those public-houses yonder and denounce you as a pair of "mouchards." Republican workmen don't like that word, and it would only take me a few seconds to get together a dozen brave fellows who would look upon it as a real treat to have five minutes' fun with you.' This threat had its due effect upon them. They turned yellow and remained as motionless as mice on the bridge, whilst I hastened off towards the quay. Once out of their sight I set off running as hard as I could in the direction taken by Camille, and caught him up at last near the Panthéon. He swears the two fellows were mouchards, which is very likely; but I know nothing more about the matter than what I have just told you."

We had listened in profound silence whilst Louis was speaking. There was a mystery in the adventure which fascinated us. The fact that our president should be under the supervision of the police, reflected an amount of credit upon the society, of which we all felt disposed to take our share. When Louis had finished, we looked at each other triumphantly, as though to say that the day had come at last, and that something great and unusual was going to be required of us. Camille observed this exchange of glances; and, notwithstanding his innate modesty, could not help seeming elated by it. His eyes sparkled as he proceeded with his narrative, still panting and excited.

"Yes; Louis did me a good service when he stopped those two fellows, for, as I tell you, there's something in the wind. When I went to the *Pilori* office this evening I found Topignon, my editor, pale and nervous. He has been dogged about persistently during the last three days by a fellow who bears the stamp of the Rue de Jerusalem from the crown of his hat to the sole of his boots inclusively. It's the same with Tartine, our *chroniqueur*, who is growing melancholy and doesn't like the look of it. The letters of our Belgian correspondent must have been opened at the post-office for the last three weeks, for we find some curious marks on the envelopes; and we learn from our correspondent by a telegram that he has sent two letters which have never reached us at all. But this is not the worst. Clampin and Riflard, the two Deputies of the *Montagne*, told Topignon to-day that they too are being watched; that the number of police at all the stations is being doubled; and that new battalions of soldiers are coming into Paris every day."

"They're right there," interrupted Louis. "Some old Saint-Cyrians came to the school yesterday; two of them are in the 29th Carbineers and three in the 115th Foot. They told us they had been dosed with reviews during the last month until they were sick. Yet they swear by the President, and talk already of a restoration of the Empire as if it were a thing accomplished."

"We must be ready now to act," broke in Maximilien Destouffes, in an exulting voice. "It is evident that the tussle between the Assembly and the Tyrant must soon end in a fight. The army is for the President, but the people are for the Republic."

"So are all the students," rejoined Hugues Cascarot, who was from Marseilles, and spoke in a quick Provençal accent. "*Bagasse!* we can make up a good fighting party. I've been sounding the *Ecole de Droit* ever since the beginning of the term, and I've not found a man who wasn't with us."

"And I will answer for the School of Medicine," exclaimed Toupie. "You should hear how we talk in the dissecting-room. I reckon if Maupas, the Prefect of Police, could listen to us, he would feel his flesh creep a little, and take care not to come within hail of the Amphitheatre."

"I don't believe I can rely upon a single one of our fellows," murmured Louis, rather piteously. "We're all Counts and Viscounts in that shop. I don't think there are a dozen true republicans among us."

"Never mind. You alone are worth twelve dozen," answered Toupie ; "though, if I'd been you, I should have pitched those two mouchards into the water, one on the top of the other. But it's always the way with you strong fellows," continued the student of medicine ruefully. "When Providence throws a mouchard across your path, you give him forty sous as a token of your esteem."

Louis shrugged his shoulders. "It remains to be proved that they *were* mouchards," he said, pouring all that remained of the beer into his glass, and tossing off the contents at a draught. "Perhaps, after all, they were only cut-throats ; which is a presumption in their favour."

"If it had been so, you wouldn't have seen me run," answered Camille, quickly. "I know they were spies. When Topignon told me he had been watched, I remembered that one of the men Louis stopped had been playing shadow to me for the past week. On coming out of the office I saw him waiting for me on the pavement opposite, with another I had not seen before. If I ran, it was to give them the slip, so that they should not see where I went. I shouldn't have ventured to come here if they had followed me close."

"And now to business," said Maximilien, whose relish for grim talk was irrepressible.

"Yes," assented Camille, "to business. I have a six-chamber revolver, a double-barrelled gun, and a good supply of cartridges. Have all you fellows got arms ?"

We all replied affirmatively. Toupie, besides a revolver, possessed an old flintlock of his grandfather's.

"Very well," replied Camille. "Then to-morrow and the next day must be spent in telling everybody we can trust to be prepared. Louis, as you are on three days' leave, you can join in the work,—only you mustn't go about in uniform. I have a list of 1,500 workmen who took part in all the risings of 1848, and who are known to be disaffected. Toupie, Destouffes, and Cascarot have each got a list, too, of workmen and students. Every one of them must be seen. Turn by turn, two of us must sit up during the night, and remain with our windows open, so as to be on the alert should anything be attempted in the dark. We must also have a password and a counterpass, to serve all the fighters as a rallying cry. What shall these words be ?"

"HEX and METRON, of course," exclaimed Destouffes, Cascarot, Louis and I together.

"I venture to observe," said Toupie, "that, if we select these two words, we shall be obliged to give all the workmen a lesson in Greek, to teach them how to pronounce. For this reason I protest."

"Can't you be serious a single hour, Toupie ?" retorted Camille, biting his lips. "Don't you know that at any moment we may be called upon to raise a barricade, and that before three days are over you and I and the lot of us may be sleeping side by side on the slabs of the Morgue ?"

"That's what I should define as giving a man a pleasant foretaste," replied Toupie, demurely. "It's like Henri, whom I always find drawing pictures of men with their heads broken when I go into his studio."

Henri was myself.

"By the way, Henri," said Camille, reminded by Toupie's remark of a painting I had been working at for some weeks, "have you finished your picture of us six together yet?"

"I finished it this morning. You saw the sketch? We are all six on a barricade, you standing in the midst of us with a revolver in one hand and a red flag in the other."

"Thanks," answered Camille, reddening; and with this he drew from under his cloak a parcel made of silver paper, which he gravely opened. "Here is that flag," he said; and with a jerk unfolded a splendid blood-red banner in silk, with the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," inscribed on one side; and the single word "HEXAMETRON" wrought in letters of gold on the other.

We all stood up together, glowing with emotion; even Toupie was moved. And as in France, among republicans of twenty, no emotion can exist without embraces, we threw ourselves sobbing into each other's arms, vowing by the bright ruby flag that, if we were not shortly installed at the Tuileries with a new Democratic Government pledged to liberty, equality, fraternity, and no taxes, it would be no fault of ours.

III.

The remaining arrangements were soon made. It was agreed that "Hexa" and "Metron" should be the pass and counterpass, that the next few days should be devoted altogether to propagandism, that the night-watching should begin that very evening in my studio, and that Camille and I should be the watchers. It was also decided that Camille should lodge with me for the present, so as to elude the vigilance of the mouchards, who were presumably following him, because of his connection with the *Pilori*; that interesting organ being unquestionably doomed to perish amongst the first in the event of a *coup-d'état*. It was past eleven by the time we had done planning. We were all flushed, but none of us tired, and we were about to ring for a bottle of Burgundy to toast success to our arms, when on a sudden there was a hurried nervous knock at the door, and before we had had time to answer, or even to look round, M. Potiron, the host of the café, tumbled into the room, looking as white as a sheet, and with his teeth chattering.

M. Potiron, it should be remarked, was essentially a man of peace, and a firm friend of existing institutions. The mission of a citizen, as he understood it, was to sail with the current, not to go against it. Therefore, when the breeze was Orleanist, M. Potiron hoisted the blue flag and manned his bark to the tune of "Vive le Roi!" When the wind shifted and blew freedomwards, he sent a red pennon up to his mizen-mast, and

cried louder than anybody, "Vive la République!" He was an honest publican, equitable in his measures, and was wedded to a pretty wife, whose winsome presence behind the counter did no harm to the trade of the "Café Rousseau." We had selected M. Potiron's establishment for our bi-weekly meetings, because it was comfortable and retired, because the beer was good, because the coffee was drinkable, and because we could have a private room—four conditions not always to be found in other cafés. We supposed that M. Potiron had an idea that we must be a club of some kind, but we had never honoured him with our full confidence: for it is an unfortunate circumstance to be noted in connection with French publicans, that many of them—even such honest men as M. Potiron—are not always above the seductions held out by the Rue de Jérusalem; but will make an agreement with the authorities of that locality to report the sayings of their customers in consideration of a yearly wage. To do M. Potiron justice, we did not class him in this category; but we had made it a rule to be cautious, and we had not been sorry to notice that our private room was so large, and the door of it so thick, that anybody listening outside to try and catch what we said would have spent his time unprofitably.

The sudden irruption of M. Potiron took us aback.

"Oh, gentlemen! for mercy's sake tell me the truth!" he began in a voice of consternation. "You're not conspiring to overthrow the Republic, are you?"

"It's not very likely," answered Camille, dryly. "Who put such an idea into your head?"

M. Potiron seemed so embarrassed for a reply, that there is no knowing what he would have said, had not his wife appeared opportunely to extricate him from his difficulty. She looked almost as much flurried as her husband; but quietly so, as becomed a pretty woman. The Hexameton *en masse* rose gallantly to receive her.

"Oh, gentlemen!" she said—beginning in the same way as her lord, but more discreetly, and taking the precaution of closing the door behind her—"Oh, gentlemen! is all this true?"

"What true, Madame?" asked Louis Crème; who, in women's presence, felt as much at home as on his saddle. "Have they been telling you that we are a gang of brigands?"

"Not quite, Monsieur," answered Madame Potiron, fixing her eyes on the handsome face of the young cadet, and then blushing a little. "But—" Here she hesitated a moment, laid a finger mysteriously on her lips, and lowered her voice. "But the police have been here."

"Bless those police!" muttered Toupie; "I'm beginning to think we've had too much of them to-night."

"Yes, gentlemen, an inspector from the Prefecture," assented M. Potiron plaintively. "He came in this evening as I've seen him do before, but this time he turned his two eyes upon me like the glasses of a dark lantern, and said in a tone that made me run cold: 'You don't

harbour secret societies here, do you, M. Potiron ? 'Not I,' was my answer ; 'but why ?' 'Oh, nothing,' he rejoined, in a tone as uncomfortable as the first time. 'Only they told me you did : so I thought I'd just step in out of friendship and show you a curious article in the Criminal Code, which I came across this morning. It says, that any person or persons harbouring conspirators are liable to be treated as accomplices, and may be condemned to the full penalties incurred by the people they harbour—transportation for instance, or penal servitude for life.' M. Potiron choked slightly as he pronounced this last sentence, and was going to proceed with further gloomy developments, when his wife cut him short by telling him to go and attend to his business in the café.

"Let me talk to these gentlemen," she said, evidently reassured by a closer look at us that we were not so black as we were painted ; and as M. Potiron delayed somewhat to obey, she gave a small stamp of impatience.

Louis Crème, who was nearest the door, ushered out M. Potiron with much civility, and then returned with no less civility to talk to his wife. Camille, whose boldness always forsook him in the face of the adverse sex, remained silent.

"Why, Madame," softly murmured Louis, "how could you think that we wished to overthrow the Republic ? On the contrary, we are republicans to the core, and would give women as well as men a vote."

"It's a fact," observed Toupie, tenderly ; "so that had we the management of affairs, Madame would have three votes to dispose of : her own, her husband's, and mine, if she deigned to accept it."

"Then it's not true that you're conspiring to bring back the Bourbons and the white flag ?" asked Madame Potiron, timidly.

Maximilien Destouffes cracked his fingers and gave a gaunt chuckle. Camille smiled. The rest of us laughed.

"Mon Dieu ! gentlemen," said Madame Potiron, reddening again, but gathering courage—"you understand, I hope, that it's not I who would find anything to say if you brought back the white flag. I think, indeed, any government would be preferable to a republic, where men call one rudely '*citoyenne*,' and don't think themselves obliged to take their hats off. To tell you my mind, I'm tired of the equality which makes drunken, swearing workmen in blouses call themselves the equals of you gentlemen, who are always so nice and amiable ; and I don't think much of the fraternity that makes people go out and shoot each other every six months in the streets, as they did when they killed poor Monseigneur Affre, our archbishop. I'm told, too, that the Count de Chambord is very handsome and generous ; so that I shouldn't be at all sorry to see him come back. But you know what it is. We women can't have our way ; and that horrible inspector says that the Prince President wants to give France liberty and riches and happiness, and to make everybody prosperous and contented, only that you gentlemen, and a good many others like you, won't let him. He says that

you want to get up some more of those terrible street-fights, and to massacre everybody, and to make us poor women cry as we did in 1848, when at every corner we met men carrying the dead bodies of mere boys and children who had been shot down on the barricades. . . . Once again, gentlemen, all this isn't true, is it ? ”

This little speech cast a decided chill into our small circle. Louis looked down and played uneasily with his kepi. Toupie appeared to have taken sudden interest in the movements of an erratic spider. Maximilien, Cascarot, and I looked sheepish—there is no other word for it. A moment's pause followed, and was broken by Camille, who came forward pale but determined, and said :—

“ Madame, the spy who spoke to you to-night was one of many who are prowling about at this minute to scatter falsehoods as the Devil did the tares. The only true thing he told you was that we are preparing for street-fights ; but these fights will not be of our seeking ; and if women cry and children are carried dead through the streets, the blame must rest elsewhere than with us. There is mischief brewing, and the mouchards you see hovering about now are like those ill-omened birds who flutter over the sea just before a hurricane. No doubt your inspector will come again, for he must be going the rounds of the cafés, to prevail upon good-natured people like you, Madame, to denounce those villains who are preventing the Prince President from rendering us happy, rich, and prosperous. It seems there are plenty of these villains about ; and one of these mornings you may have the satisfaction of hearing that a few shiploads of them have been sent to a pleasant coast in South America, where they die, as they deserve, of yellow fever. When, therefore, you see the inspector again, pray tell him what I have just said ; and add that there are six of us here who are indeed wrongheaded enough to be mistrustful of schemes for universal happiness which have such men as himself for their apostles. Advise him too that if the safety of the Republic is the only thing he quakes for, he may go home to his bed and sleep in peace. In a few days hence, when the Republic is really in danger, we will send for him if he likes, and he shall fight side by side with us on one of those barricades, which—I regret it for your sake, Madame—will not be erected for the Comte de Chambord.”

Upon this Camille caught up his cloak, bowed hurriedly to the bewildered Madame Potiron, and went out, followed by Toupie, Maximilien, and Cascarot. Louis lingered a little behind, and taking Madame Potiron's hand to shake it, held it longer in his than perhaps the matter required. “ Why is it, Madame,” he said gently, “ that you should so dislike republics ? Is it not a noble thing to see a country where all men are equal and all men free ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! ” she sighed, “ if all republicans were like you ; but they're not. Oh, Monsieur l'officier,” she continued, half-serious, half-smiling, “ young men, brave, handsome, and courtly, should be marquises or earls. They should have all that is rich and splendid : marble palaces,

liveried servants, fine horses, gold, silk, jewels, great names, and beautiful women. Do you know, when I hear bright, well-born young men praise the people, and call the low riff-raff of the street their brothers, I feel inclined to say what I do when I find young girls wishing for husbands."

"And what is that?"

"Well, just this: You don't know what they are."

IV.

That night Camille and I sat watching by the open window of my studio while Paris slept. But we heard nothing save the periodical tramp of the *sergents-de-ville* on their beat, and the occasional hurried footsteps of belated citizens. There was not so much as a solitary soldier about, nor could we hear to right or left the call of a single bugle, or the sound of a single police-whistle. It was evident that the perpetration of the President's scheme for making everybody rich and happy at a stroke was adjourned for that night at least, and that we should consequently have time to lay our plans so as not to be caught unawares.

It had been arranged that we should all six meet at eight in the morning to hold a manner of cabinet council previous to commencing operations. Punctually to the time we were gathered together, not a man being absent; and upon comparing notes it was found that even those of the Hexametrists who had not watched had passed a sleepless night. The fact is, our society had been hitherto child's sport, and we were beginning to feel now that it was a serious business, on which we were staking not merely our liberty, but perhaps our lives, or at least our whole life's career.

We accordingly met, looking serious and quiet, though sanguine and resolute. But the same idea had occurred to us all during the night, that on the eve of embarking ourselves on such a desperate venture, we should perhaps do well to consult with one or two Members of the National Assembly, so that there might be homogeneousness of action on the day of resistance. Camille had long held out against any scheme of this sort, wishing to share his glory with none; but I talked the matter over with him, and proved that if all our revolutions in France had as yet resulted in nothing, it was because there had been no uniformity of aim amongst the insurgents and no concord between them. "We shall be weak and isolated," I said, "if we have no supporters in the Assembly. The Montagne party will not know whether we are for them or against them." Camille gave in to these reasons at last, and agreed that we should go and consult with the Deputies Clampin and Riflard, two great pillars of light whose glory was filling the land. But here Louis stepped in:

"Why not go at once to your own father, Camille, whom I take to be more glorious than either Clampin or Riflard?"

"Yes," said Maximilien, "after all, the Deputy Lange has most right to know what we are about. If the Assembly were attacked, he would be the first whom we should go and protect."

"For that matter," remarked Toupie, "I think Camille's father can,

better than anybody, take care of himself; I should be sorry to be the gendarme sent to arrest him. Nevertheless, I'd be shot sooner than see a finger laid upon him."

"Thanks," answered Camille gratefully; and yet he hesitated, having apparently an unconquerable aversion to face the Olympian satire with which Mr. Demosthenes was wont to receive all schemes that were not of his own making. "I'd really much rather wait before telling my father," he protested, nervously. "I think he would be much more likely to think well of us after—after——"

"After we had all been shot," suggested Toupie.

"No, but after we had done something to distinguish ourselves," added Camille.

As most of us were unaware of the amiable characteristics of M. Demosthenes Lange's domestic nature, having never been admitted to the honour of an interview with that hero, we set us to work all five together to demolish Camille's scruples; and succeeded so far, that after an hour's close reasoning, our chief agreed that three out of the six should go and sound the great Deputy, whilst the remaining three should start off without delay to scatter the good seed among the masses. The lots fell upon Toupie and me to accompany Camille; and, so as not to leave the latter time to change his mind, I proposed we should go off at once. Much as such a proceeding was contrary to the true spirit of republicanism, Camille, as I observed, began a most careful toilette out of all the available materials of my wardrobe. Toupie, whose large felt hat was four times as big as his own head, and gave him the appearance of an animated toadstool, cast a rueful look at himself in the glass, and then possessed himself of a silk hat of mine which he thought would suit him better. The only one of us who was dressed as if a king were still on the throne was Louis Crème, who seemed as neat as if he came out of a band-box. "I think you had better come with us, Louis," said Camille, surveying him approvingly; "you will produce a good impression."

"Yes, it won't do to look as if we came to borrow fifty francs," observed Toupie. "That always lends a coolness to the interview."

"Very well," said Louis, "I'll come. Are you all ready?"

"I am," nodded Camille. "Good-by, Destouffes and Cascarot; do your best. As soon as we have seen my father, we shall go about proselytizing too. Mind we all meet as usual at dinner at Mother Riquie's at five. But we mustn't go near Potiron's again. For the future we discuss in Henri's studio."

So saying, Camille led the way, and we went downstairs in a body, throwing a good-morning, in passing, to Maitre Antoine, our concierge—a sturdy republican, if ever there was one—and to his pretty daughter, Miette, who stood upon the doorstep dipping her red lips into a big bowl of milk, not unlikely the milk of a lodger.

When we had walked a few steps, Camille turned round and said, laughingly, "Look there!" pointing, at the same time, to the house where

his own lodgings were, about a hundred yards from where we were standing. An individual, evidently doing duty as sentinel, was walking quietly up and down.

"That's my shadow of the past week and my pursuer of last night," he said, concealing himself behind us, so as not to be seen by the functionary.

"So it is, I recognize him," exclaimed Louis; "it's the fellow I held yesterday by the neck. What a pity I didn't pitch him into the river."

"Regrets are vain," remarked Toupie, sententially. "All we can do is to pray for strength to act better another time."

V.

There is an electricity in the atmosphere which precedes political storms as oppressive as that which betokens the convulsions of nature. It is a feeling of general uneasiness, a timidity in the looks of men, a still greater timidity in their words, and an almost total paralysis in their powers of action. When there is a revolution or a *coup-d'état* impending, men are restless. They have no heart for work; they scan each other's faces inquiringly, move about in a purposeless way without knowing why, and pass their time consulting that political barometer, the newspaper. On the morning when Louis, Toupie, and I went, in company with Camille, to call upon the Deputy Lange, Paris was visibly excited by one of those absurd rumours which figured every morning in the papers, but which always found believers, no matter how ludicrous or how impossible they might be. I forget what the rumour was on this particular occasion, but men were whispering it to each other, with an expression of blank alarm on their faces. Others, less apt to be caught by false news, were conversing no less anxiously as to what they termed the dead calm of the moment. The *Moniteur* said nothing; the Ministers were silent. Such papers as the *Pilori*, which peaceful bourgeois passed to each other with looks of consternation, were allowed to talk unmolested—a sure sign, according to connoisseurs, that something gloomy and terrible was preparing. As we walked we heard the names of the Prince President and M. Thiers, Lamartine and General Cavaignac, the Prince de Joinville and M. de Morny, the Count de Chambord and Berryer, banded about in a confused jumble, without any rhyme or sense whatever. Here it was said that the leaders of the Assembly were going to seize the President and shut him up at Vincennes; further on, that the Count de Chambord was about to cross the bridge of Kehl with an army of Prussians and Austrians. A wilful grocer asserted, on the contrary, that it was the Prince de Joinville who was going to bombard Cherbourg with an English fleet; whilst a butcher maintained that he was on intimate terms with the public executioner, from whom he had heard that two new guillotines had been ordered by the President, one for the Place du Trône and the other for the Place de la Concorde.

M. Demosthenes Lange lived in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—

which, as everybody knows, is one of the first streets in Paris. I confess it had surprised us somewhat that so democratic a personage as the Deputy Lange should have chosen such a sumptuous street in which to set up his abode. But we were much more surprised on finding that the house he had selected was one of the most splendid in the thoroughfare. A servant in livery was planted at the door, looking all the image of those menials who wait upon the rich in countries governed by tyrants. He eyed us superciliously, and scarcely deigned to make way for us. "Shall I find the Deputy Lange?" asked Camille civilly. "M. Lange? Up the staircase, first floor, door on the right. Ring the bell, and his valet will answer you," rejoined he of the livery, stiffly; and he turned on his heel, Toupie the while making him a low bow, which was evidently accepted as genuine. We crossed a marble vestibule and walked up a staircase, thickly carpeted and adorned with gilt balusters. Louis was growing astonished and Toupie grave. On the landing was a deep bay window, filled with stained glass, and richly enshrouded in costly winter flowers. The door to the right was of polished oak, and a fine leopard-skin fur was set in front of it in guise of mat. On a small brass plate, that glittered like gold, were the words, "*Démosthène Lange, Député.*"

Camille, who had remained impassive, though a little flushed, rang the bell, which gave a discreet aristocratic tinkle. Almost immediately the door was opened, and a superb valet, dressed in black, with a gold scarf-pin and an imposing shirt-collar, stood before us motionless and expectant.

"M. Lange?" said Camille.

"Does not receive so early," was the cold but polite answer.

"I am his son."

"Oh! pardon, Monsieur; be good enough to walk in. I have only recently entered M. le Député's service. I had not the honour of knowing you."

By this time we were prepared for a good deal, and had become dumb as fish; but yet we were not prepared for the sight of M. Demosthenes' apartments, which fairly stupefied us by their splendour. As we subsequently discovered, M. Lange had, during the worst days of 1848, profited by the panic, which had driven all rich people from Paris, to take on an eleven years' lease, for 3,000 francs per annum, a suite of apartments which, at ordinary times, he could not have had for 20,000. There were plenty of such bargains to be picked up by those who were speculative enough to venture upon them. Three-fourths of the wealthy houses in the capital were shut up. The rooms held by M. Lange had been tenanted by a Moldavian Prince, who had taken the train for Yassy at the first sound of firing. His magnificent furniture, which had cost him 150,000 francs, was bought by Lange for 10,000 francs down, a good sum of money for that agitated period. If only half had been offered, it is very likely the Prince would have accepted, for the general opinion of everybody was, that the end of time itself had come, and that, at the rate of an insurrection a week, there would soon be neither houses nor men left standing.

The valet ushered us into an antechamber that reminded one of the Tuileries, and then vanished into an inner room, where ensued the following dialogue :

"M. Camille Lange, sir."

"My son? What the devil can he want?"

"There are three gentlemen with him, sir."

"Well dressed?" (This was said in a roar that sounded like the bursting of a water-dyke.)

"Not very, sir."

"Humph! I'm going to breakfast. Show them in. I'll talk to them whilst I'm eating."

Camille, who heard all this, coloured, and kept his eyes fixed on the door, so as not to meet our glances; he appeared ready to cry from mortification. In a minute the valet returned, and showed us into M. Demosthenes Lange's breakfast-room.

It was a masterwork this breakfast-room. The ceiling was dome-shaped, and ornamented with a magnificent painting, signed by one of the best artists of the day. The walls were tapestried with maroon velvet-like paper, bordered by cornices richly sculptured into fancy designs of fruit and flowers, and gilt. Admirable landscape paintings adorned the walls, and in the spaces between them were delicate marble statuettes set on pedestals, backed and covered with crimson velvet. The chairs and sofas were all of red ribbed silk, and the carpet was so thick that one's feet sunk into it as in long grass. A hundred little knickknacks adorning the chiffonnière and mantelpiece testified that the Moldavian prince, whatever may have been his dislike for gunpowder, was a true friend of art. M. Demosthenes was seated at a table spread with snowy linen, and covered with a *pâté-de-foie-gras*, a mayonnaise of lobster, a dish of *côtelettes à la Soubise*, and a bottle of Pomard. He was dressed in a cashmere dressing-gown, lined with blue silk; his shirt open at the collar showed a throat as vigorous as that of a bull. He was not yet shaved. His legs were cased in flannel trousers, and his feet were loosely shod in sable fur slippers.

"What is it?" he asked, holding out one finger to his son, but taking no notice of the rest of us. "What do you want? I tell you at once I've got no money."

"I don't want money," replied Camille, quietly. "I—that is, we—have come to ask you whether you know that the Republic is in danger?"

"Republic in danger!" blurted out the Deputy with his mouth full. "Who put such tomfoolery as that into your head?"

"Citizen Deputy," said Louis Crème, throwing a tinge of irony into his voice, "there is a rumour in Paris that the President intends seizing some of the foremost Deputies and locking them up. In prevision of such an event we are here to say that we, your very obedient servants, are going to fight for you."

"What's your name?" bellowed M. Lange, taking up a cutlet with his fingers and gnawing it fiercely.

"Before the Republic I used to be Count de Crème," answered Louis, smiling; "at present I am Louis Crème, simply."

"Ugh!" grunted the Deputy. "I've small opinion of counts. I don't believe any good ever came of them. Such as you see me, I was a blacksmith and wielded the sledge-hammer. I'll lay odds there are not three picked men who could stand up against me in the whole Faubourg St. Germain."

"It's a pity merit isn't measured by strength of biceps, or else, Citizen Deputy, you would certainly be elected President," observed Toupie, who could not for the life of him have withstood a joke.

The Deputy seemed to accept this as a compliment.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"My name is Horace Toupie, and I am studying to be a doctor. But if I had had the shaping of my destiny, I should have much preferred being a blacksmith, and owning apartments in the Chaussée d'Antin."

This time the epigram went a little deeper. The ex-blacksmith gave a kind of grunt and harpooned another cutlet. "A pretty blacksmith you'd have made," he said, and then turned to me. "What are you?" he asked. "A sucking doctor too?"

"No," I replied, laughing; "a painter."

"Well," exclaimed the Deputy, licking some sauce off his fingers, "I can't make out what you want with me. You're as thin, the four of you, as lucifer-matches. Here, Baptiste," (this was to his servant,) "bring in four glasses and a bottle of cognac. You'll take a drink, the lot of you, and then go about your business. Sit down. Chairs are meant to be sat upon; there are enough of them and to spare."

Baptiste came in bearing four tumblers and a bottle of cognac on a silver tray. M. Lange filled each of the tumblers to the brim, knocked his glass against ours, and said laconically, "There you are, drink."

Louis, whose St. Cyr training had well seasoned him for cognac-drinking, tossed off his measure in three draughts. The blacksmith bellowed his approval.

"That's good. A blacksmith wouldn't have taken his lips from the glass; but it's well drunk for a count. Look at Camille there. You wouldn't think he was a whelp of mine. He shirks his liquor as if it were boiling pitch."

Camille had just sat down. At his father's taunt he got up, took his glass from the table and swallowed its contents at a toss. "And now," he said, calmly, "I think we had better begin what we've got to say; for in a few minutes I shall be drunk."

This made the blacksmith grin, but it also made him listen. Camille, Louis, Toupie and I told him between us, in a rambling sort of fashion, all we had heard and what we had planned. We spoke of the police watchings, the rumours of a *coup-d'état*, and the increase of troops in the Paris garrison. We explained all the designs of the Hexameton, its ramifications among the workmen and students; and growing excited

under the fumes of the cognac, we declared our fixed intention of dying for the Assembly if need be, and setting fire to the four corners of Paris. To our dismay and horror, M. Lange, instead of showing himself touched, shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and told us point blank that we were four young fools; that a *coup-d'état* was an absurd invention of some of those confounded scribblers who were always imagining humbug, and that the President would as soon think of laying a hand on the Assembly as he would think of ramming his head into a hornet's nest. "Why, bones and thunder!" concluded the popular hero, "if he were to try any tricks of that sort, I'd go to the Elysée and shake him myself by the throat until all his teeth fell out."

We had reached the argumentative stage of drunkenness, and so continued to battle fiercely. This roused M. Demosthenes, who began to drink cognac too, and to roar like a buffalo. Another bottle was sent for, the glasses were replenished, the arguments waxed closer and hotter, and soon the room resembled nothing so much as the National Assembly on a day of excitement, every man hollaing his loudest, and paying no attention to his neighbour. After ten minutes of this, M. Demosthenes was left master of the field, we four having lapsed into the maudlin stage. According to the fashion of Homer's warriors, shouting a pæan over the bodies of their prostrate foes, he then indulged in a soliloquy: "What! a *coup-d'état*? and I, a representative of the people, thrown into prison, and caged like a rat! Why, these young boobies talk of the thing as if I had no more blood in my veins, or muscles in my arms. Police, police! What do I care for the police? Has nobody ever seen the Deputy Demosthenes Lange walk through the streets followed by the people, who pointed to him and shouted, 'There goes our champion?' Bones and thunder! with a call to arms I could rouse all the people of the Faubourgs in a day, and demolish the Elysée, until there was not so much as a stone left to grind a knife on. Have they forgotten '48, when I led the sacking of the Duc de Croissant's castle, and clove the head of the big gendarme Michon in two halves, like an apple? Have they forgotten that it was I who stirred up the villagers to lynch the farm-bailiff, and lent one of the ropes of my forge to hang him with? Why, the people of Paris know me as if I was their father. They know that I am republican to the backbone; and that if ever the Republic stood in danger, I would defend it with the last drop of my blood, even though all the rest of the country were to turn renegades, and I were to be the last left to die over the red flag."

This last assurance was made with so much conviction that Toupie at once began to weep, declaring that if ever the Deputy wanted anybody to die with him he had only to send to No. 117, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, and that he, Toupie, would arrive without loss of time.

But this promise failed to appease M. Demosthenes, who rose and paced about the room furiously, stopping at last in front of Camille, and bellowing to him at the top of his voice: "You little pale-faced goose! you told me that the police were dogging you. Why are they dogging

you? Lead me to the policeman who's dogging you, and I'll settle him. You'll see!"

"It's for the *Pilori*," hiccupped poor Camille, who was gazing with a *beate* expression at the ceiling.

"The *Pilori*! and it's for that you've taken alarm, and come and disturbed me at breakfast! Why, what can they do to you, ninny? I've read your *Pilori*. It's as weak as mutton-broth. Hang me, if I shouldn't have thought it was written by epileptic parrots in the intervals of a fit. Bah! if you want an article for the paper, I'll write you one that'll make the cats on the housetops jump, and bring more policemen after you than would stretch in an Indian file from here to the coast of Normandy. Come, run away, all of you. I'm tired of this. When I was your age, thank heaven! I could have trimmed any policeman who would have followed me in such a way that he would have been careful how he chose his beat another time! Come now, be off!"

But this was easier said than done. Camille was staring at his father with a vacant look, and rolling his head to and fro in an utterly dejected manner. Toupie had slid off his chair on to the ground, and was weeping bitterly at the idea that the Deputy should talk of dying without him. Louis was asleep; and I, the most sober perhaps of the company, was lying all of a heap doubled up on the sofa, and groaning aloud that there was an earthquake.

"You're a pretty band of republicans," muttered M. Lange, indignantly. "I should like to know how much gunpowder you could stand if you're floored by a few thimblefuls of this weak stuff. Here, Baptiste, look at this. What's to be done? I'm hanged if they're not all as drunk as Poles."

Baptiste came in, tried in vain to induce Toupie to stand up, and then went out to fetch a big sponge and a basin of water, with which he began to bathe our faces. But the blacksmith had no patience with such mild treatment. "Here," he shouted, "this is the way to do it!" And he poured the whole basinful of water over the head of Toupie, who sneezed and coughed piteously under the infliction. "Now, then," he added, "let's carry the others one at a time, and put their heads under the kitchen-tap, beginning with this hobbledehoy of a count. You catch hold of his legs; I'll take his arms."

Twenty minutes of this energetic hydropathy acted with effect enough to make us know where we were. Putting our joint stock of equilibrium together, we had just sufficient to enable us to stand up leaning one against the other; only, when we tried to move, the machinery went all wrong and we fell flat in different directions. Seeing it was useless to expect that we could walk home, the blacksmith sent for a cab and helped us down the staircase one by one, heaping many imprecations on us as he did so, and railing bitterly at us for not being blacksmiths. When we were all packed together in the cab—

"Where shall I take 'em to?" asked the driver.

"Oh, that's your look-out!" growled Mr. Demosthenes. "Here's

a five-franc piece. Take 'em to the Elysée to call on the President : they want to pick a bone with him." And he vanished, shrugging his shoulders.

The valet Baptiste dipped his hand into my pocket to find an address of some kind, and pulled out a letter.

"I suppose this is their address," he said : "Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, 117. You'd better drive there."

VI.

I have no distinct recollection of what immediately followed. I have a sort of dim vision of a cab pulling up before a door, where there was a crowd of people laughing at us ; of old Antoine, my concierge, coming out with the pretty Miette, and clasping his hands in astonishment ; of determined efforts to haul us out and lift us up to my studio on the sixth floor ; and of loud laughter on the part of Mlle Miette when she saw that for every step we climbed we tumbled down two. Then the scene changes, and I fancy I can see four prostrate individuals rolling about on the floor, amidst mahlsticks, palettes, broken colour-boxes, easels overturned, and pictures smashed, and exhorting each other loudly not to desert the Republic. This scene must have lasted some time, for twilight closed upon it ; and I remember two faces, as those of Maximilien Destouffes and Hugues Cascarot, contemplating us with speechless wonder. Then there was presumably another change : for I find four haggard faces seated round a table and trying to convince two more that there has been nothing whatever the matter with them. The conversation turns suddenly upon barricades and tyranny. Pathetic assurances of undying fidelity are interchanged, the Marseillaise is sung, and, as a proof that they are not at all upset, the four haggard faces resolve upon setting out at once to rouse the citizens of Paris, and warn them of the plots being laid against their freedom. The next scene is in the open air after nightfall, and tumultuous in its aspects. There is a crowd, a frantic uproar, six figures gesticulating and haranguing the multitude, a surge, a struggle, the appearance of a dozen cocked hats, an attempt at flight, a violent scuffle, a mêlée of screams and blows, a sharp rap on the head, and then—I remember no more.

* * * * *

When reason and the perception of facts were restored to me, I was lying stretched at full length on the damp floor of a place dimly lighted by a small window closely grated with iron. It was a room about twenty feet square, with whitewashed walls covered with hundreds of inscriptions in pencil and burned cork. There was no furniture—nothing but a narrow form running all round the room and fastened to the walls with clamps of iron. I rubbed my eyes, leaned on my elbow, and looked about me. I was not alone—far from it. The room was as full as it could hold. Three or four workmen in blouses lay snoring and apparently dead drunk. A soldier, deprived of shako and sword, was in the same happy condition. Two very sinister-looking individuals were smoking side by side on the form, with

their hands in their pockets. Around me my five comrades of the Hexameton lay reclining in various attitudes suggestive of unquiet slumbers.

We were at the police-station; in other words, we were prisoners.

Perhaps it may be as well to state what is the French method of procedure with people who have been arrested in the night. They are taken to the station and cast all together, thieves and drunkards, murderers or brawlers, into a place of delight called the *violon*, where they abide until seven in the morning, at which hour they are examined by the commissaire de police. If the charge be only a light one, the commissaire may discharge the prisoner at once, provided the latter sends to some friend to come and claim him. If, on the contrary, the charge be a serious one, then the prisoner returns to the *violon*, and waits until the "*panier-à-salade*," or prison-van, comes to fetch him to the Prefecture. This is generally about nine o'clock. Every morning at eight a dozen vans leave the Rue de Jérusalem and go the round of the different stations gathering up the black sheep for the big fold. At the Prefecture, prisoners are lodged according to their means. If they can afford it they have a cell to themselves, paying two francs a day for the privilege. This is called *la pistole*. If they are not sufficiently well off to afford a cell, they are turned loose into a big common room in company with a few score other prisoners awaiting their trial. There are two of these common rooms. One is for the utterly disreputable, who are in rags and tatters; the other for people who are clean and orderly. The common room is at once a dining-room, sleeping-room, and recreation yard. At night beds are laid down in it; during the day the prisoners pace up and down, two or three together, or singly, as they choose. Sometimes a prisoner remains three or four months in this common room—(that is, in technical language, *au dépôt*)—never leaving it but to go between two gendarmes to the cabinet of the *jugé d'instruction*, or examining magistrate, whose interrogatories are always conducted in private.

If I give these details, it is because as soon as I awoke and discovered where I and my unlucky friends were, I guessed at once that we were not likely to be let loose that day, nor possibly for many days to come. The charge against us would not be one of common drunkenness, but, probably, one of street-rioting, assault and battery; or, perhaps, even one of sedition and treason-felony. Struck with horror at our position, I roused my comrades to take counsel, and in a few minutes' time we were sitting in a circle, with dismal looks, scarcely believing that what we saw and felt could be real. We had no time to lose, for the dawn had fully set in, and it was needful that we should agree between us as to what we should say when questioned by the commissaire. It was decided upon at once that we should, in the interests of the Hexameton, resolutely eat whatever words of treason we might have uttered in our ravings of the night before. We were to declare ourselves devoted to the President, and ascribe all our utterances to tipsiness. It cost us much heart-burning to resolve upon this course; but, as Toupie sagely remarked, the freedom of a

whole nation must not be sacrificed because four boobies had chosen to get drunk. The one who felt most sensitively on this point was Camille, who would have to declare his name, and see the son of the great tribune Lange figure on the police-sheet in the capacity of ragamuffin. It seemed he had been awake for a couple of hours, and crying all by himself at this humiliating thought. Louis Crème, who might with equal reason have objected to see the descendant of a crusader placed in the same category, bore his reverses with more philosophy, treating the matter rather as a joke than otherwise.

Whilst we were still deliberating in whispers, so as not to be overheard by the two sinister persons smoking,—who might, for all we knew, be *moutons**—there was a grating of bolts outside, the door opened, and a head, covered with a cocked hat, peeped in. "Now then," shouted a gruff voice, "come along one of you, no matter which."

This was the signal that M. le Commissaire had arrived and was waiting to begin his examinations. We allowed the two smokers, the workmen, and the soldier to stagger out first. They all came back as they had gone, but with different expressions on their faces. The two smokers were a pair of thieves, and had a prospect of long captivity before them. The soldier was looking forward to a month's imprisonment for having slept out of barracks. Two of the workmen knew that they would be liberated within an hour or so, and were demonstratively jubilant; but a third, who was more hopelessly tattered and more profoundly drunk than either of the others, came back with a look of stoical recklessness on his face, and, to our infinite stupefaction, held out his hand to the lot of us collectively, hiccupping: "Well, never mind—you're go—good fellows, and—and I do—on't mind being in the same b—boat with you."

"What do you mean?" we asked, recoiling from his embraces.

"Why, don't you kn—know?" he grinned, catching abruptly hold of Toupie's shoulder for support, and reeling heavily into the midst of us. "Why, it's p—plain enough! When I heard you l—l—last n—night crying, '*Vive le p—peuple! A bas le P—président!*' I said, 'That's my s—sort;' and I shouted with you. And now it seems we shall be s—sent to Toulon, but I d—don't mind, for I—I l—l—l—like the look of you."

We all burst into a cold perspiration, which was not diminished by the fact that our drunken accomplice insisted noisily upon hugging us all round in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible. But our terror reached its climax when, after staggering helplessly about and trying to steady himself against the slippery walls, the republican workman lurched forward and rolled on to the floor, blurring out, "*Vive la l—l—liberté. Vive le—le Hex—hex—hexa—m—métron!*"

* The *mouton* is a spy prisoner much employed by the French police. His mission is to enlist the confidence of his fellow-captives and to inform against them. The *mouton* is sometimes a detective in disguise, but more often a felon, who, as a reward for his espionage, obtains a partial remission of his sentence, and many little indulgences in the shape of wine and tobacco whilst exercising his honourable functions.

This sounded like a death-knell upon us; but before we could say anything to one another the cocked-hat again appeared and shouted, "Now, then, the next!" and as I was the nearest to the door, a hand was laid on my shoulder and I was pushed with more speed than ceremony down a stone-flagged passage into the presence of the commissaire.

The name of this official was M. Fouinard. He was small, important, curt in his speech, and lost no time in vain courtesies.

"Your name?" he said.

"Henri Lardé."

"Your trade or profession?"

"Painter, 117, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine."

"You're a drunkard, it seems?"

"No, M. le Commissaire. I am really very sorry. Yesterday was an exceptional day. It's the first time it has ever happened to us. A friend had offered us some cognac; but I promise it shall not occur again."

"No. I don't think it will," answered M. Fouinard dryly, "not for a good while at least. The charge against you is for exciting the citizens to rebellion against the Government. You are a member of a secret society called the Hexameton."

"But, Monsieur——"

"Bah! it's no use denying. This scarlet flag was seized upon you last evening. This morning a domiciliary visit was paid to the rooms of all the six of you, and those papers yonder were found. There is enough evidence there to lodge you in Cayenne for the rest of your days. Your chief is an ill-conditioned young rebel, who writes in a blasphemous paper called the *Pilori*; the police have for some time had their eye upon him. Two more of your number spent their time yesterday going round inciting workmen and students to be ready to take arms at a given signal. Your pass and counterpass were "*Hexa*" and "*Metron*." You must be really a fool, my friend, if you think that among five or six hundred workmen there will not be a dozen or two who have intelligences with the police. Fifteen informations were laid against you in the course of yesterday afternoon. The witnesses are all prepared to swear to what I have said. You see, therefore, your case is as plain as a turnpike-road. The best thing you can do is to make a clean breast of it."

I will spare the reader the melancholy recital of the disasters of that morning. How we were cross-questioned one by one, squeezed (morally) flat as oranges, entangled in our speech, forced into avowals, and sent back crest-fallen to the *violon* after being made to sign a *procès-verbal* establishing our guilt; how we were extricated from the *violon* at nine, handcuffed, hoisted into a yellow prison-van, stowed into cells where we had not room to move, and jolted through the streets of Paris with a mounted *municipal* trotting behind the vehicle to see that none of us escaped through the skylight; how we were stripped at the Prefecture, searched, measured, weighed, put into a bath, deprived of our money, and finally cast into a big stone-paved room, where fifty-three prisoners of

various classes were already wandering about in desponding wretchedness :—all these things are written vividly on my memory and no doubt on the memories of my six fellow-captives—for the dirty workman was sent with us and inscribed on the police-sheet as one of our Society ; but the remembrance of them is not such as any of us would take a pleasure in recalling. Our pride was laid in the dust, our dignity was gone. Our noble brotherhood, that was to have regenerated France and made its name known from one end of the country to the other, was torn up by the roots, and we, its six branches, cast bruised and broken into a dust-bin ! What could we do but bewail and weep ? We sat on a form all six of a row, clasping each other's hands and crying in silence. Through the tall windows opposite, but far above our heads, we could see glimpses of the clear blue December sky faintly gilded by the tint of the morning sun. Now and then the white clouds chased each other slowly in our sight, and we sat wondering where they were going, and feeling for the first time in our lives what it was to be without liberty ; what it was to be shut up in prison, and to envy the freedom of the poorest insects who can grovel humbly and undisturbed. . . .

This lasted a week. Heaven knows how we got over that week, with its monotonous course of weary days. We had no papers to read, knew nothing of what was going on without, had thieves for our companions, and were nourished upon bean-soup served to us twice a day in tin pots. It was almost a relief to us when the yellow-belted gendarmes cried out our names through a trap in the door and led us off to be examined by the *juge d'instruction*. This happened three times in the seven days. Every fact that could be pumped out of us was pumped. The *juge d'instruction* who dealt with our case had the eyes of a ferret and a tongue as insinuating as a screw-driver. It would have been useless to prevaricate with him. He caught up our answers before we had uttered them ; and had our words fully couched on paper before they had left our mouths. After our first interrogatory he told us we were dangerous conspirators, which struck us dumb, but consoled us somewhat, for if we were to be condemned for conspiracy, better, we thought, to be condemned as dangerous than as harmless traitors. After the second interview he told us we were mischievous apes, which was less flattering. After the next he seemed to have changed his mind and waxed disdainful, observing with a wave of the hand that we should certainly be imprisoned for a few years, but that we were not worth the soup we were eating.

This last insult kindled our blood and revived the flame in us. Up to that time we had been dejected, now we felt our energies renewed, and paced angrily up and down, brewing resentment in our souls, and vowing that we would make sensational speeches in the dock, and so show the world what had been lost by the untimely doom of the Hexametron. The thought of the effect we might produce gave us new energy, and made our spirits rise. We began to talk again as in the old days, exchanging promises of fraternity, and exclaiming that, after all, what

had happened to us was not to be deplored, seeing that it would infallibly make us glorious and hand down our names to posterity. We were greatly cheered too by hearing from some new prisoners who came in that the deeds of the Hexameton had astonished all Paris; that the papers had talked of the six young men who had tried to raise a sedition in the Quartier Latin, and called on the people to come and overturn the President; that the Radical organs had styled us heroes; and that a Cabinet Council had been held about us. After such news as this, it was impossible not to feel that we had towered in a short week to the height of Robespierre and Marat. We began to slouch our hats, to stride solemnly with our arms folded, to eschew the practice of smiling, and had already got into the habit of planting our hands on our breasts, as though daring the enemy to take our lives; when one evening towards five o'clock, we were called—unusual circumstance—all six together, and, without a word of explanation, led through a labyrinth of passages to the well-known room of the examining magistrate. It struck us as peculiar that there was only one gendarme with us.

When we had reached the door, the gendarme knocked and told us to go in, which we did with a look of unutterable dignity on our faces. The *juge d'instruction* was standing near the fire, and near him, to our surprise, and not a little to our mortification, were the General of the School of Saint Cyr, M. Demosthenes Lange, the two Demoiselles Crème de la Crémérie, Dr. Toupie, the father of Toupie, MM. Destouffes and Cascarot, seniors, and my own nearest relative.

M. Demosthenes was the first to speak. "You're an imbecile," he said to his son.

The General of Saint Cyr caught hold of Louis by the ear. "You'll be for a month under arrest," he grunted, sternly; "and you may consider yourself lucky you're not expelled."

Toupie, senior, glared at his offspring. "Is this what you call studying medicine?" he asked.

"It's studying bruises," answered Toupie, meekly.

"Well, you're a parcel of simpletons," observed the *juge d'instruction*. "Because of your good connections, this is going to be treated as a freak. The seven days' imprisonment you've had is enough for a piece of tomfoolery, and the best thing you can do is to go back to your books without frightening yourselves and others with talk of *coups-d'état*, which are as idiotic as they are idle."

Here was a fall! We followed our progenitors out of the room in perfect silence, but with our fists clenched and rage in our hearts. As soon as we had got outside into the street, Camille's father turned round with a contemptuous frown on his massive face. "If I'd been the judge," he said, "you should all have had a year of it with your heads shaved. To get up a street-row, and to be bagged like weasels—why, it's contemptible! You see the President doesn't even deign to treat you as adversaries. I expect he's made himself a nightcap out of your red flag."

Saying this, the blacksmith shrugged his shoulders, as was his wont, and added, with a ferocious bellow, "If there were ever the coup-d'état you speak of, you'd see what I'd do. Bones and thunder! they shouldn't bag me like a weasel!"

There were declarations to the same effect,—minus the bones and thunder,—from each of our fathers, and after an hour's sermonizing we were told to go our ways and behave less like fools; Toupie received the gratifying assurance that his allowance would be curtailed, and Louis was given the order to join his school the next morning. It was close upon seven o'clock when we were abandoned to our devices and found ourselves all six walking, ashamed and sulky, towards my lodgings. On the doorstep we met my concierge, Antoine, and Mdle Miette, who laughed, and said she hoped we were better. Antoine looked at us with a droll expression, and remarked that in his day men managed insurrections better than we did. We learned it was untrue that anybody had called us heroes; or, at least, those that had done so lived in the opposite quarters of the city and knew nothing about us. In the Quartier Latin we had become ridiculous. The very cats we passed seemed to wag their heads in derision. A white dog who was sitting in the middle of the road howled so hysterically at our approach that it was obvious he was laughing at us. And to fill the cup of our humiliation to the brim the *Pilori*, Camille's own ideal journal, which old Antoine handed to us with an amused grin, contained an editorial holding us up to derision as chicken-hearted conspirators, who had only succeeded in smashing one policeman's hat and two panes of glass.

We shrank upstairs well-nigh prostrate with this last load of obloquy. "Is this to-day's paper?" we asked of Antoine.

"Yes, gentlemen, it's just come in."

We threw a glance at the date: it was "*Tuesday, the 2nd of December, 1851.*"

VII.

That night the Prince President put into action his scheme for making everybody happy and prosperous. Whilst the six members of the Hexameton slept, tired out with emotion and extenuated by repeated bursts of indignation, cabs and gendarmes were hurrying about Paris carrying representatives of the people and others to Vincennes and Mazas. It was neatly done; very. Some of the representatives struggled and protested; one or two of the journalists seized, showed fight; but the majority of the celebrities arrested resigned themselves to their fate with an equal mind, convinced that resistance would only spoil matters and disturb the quiet of things. It was all managed in perfect good order, without any unseemliness in the way of noise or shouting. When France awoke next morning it heard that half its great men were under lock and key, and that the other half were hiding in stray places so as not to be put under lock and key too. The first feeling was one of stupefaction; the next one of

revolt. Republican Paris glowed at the news of what had been done. By mid-day the streets were full of excited and indignant citizens, who were only restrained from doing the most daring things by the presence of many battalions of soldiers dotted about strategically at different points of the capital. As the day advanced the crowds increased, growing more and more excited and more and more indignant. Rumours were bruited that such of the representatives as had not been arrested were gathered together and were deposing the President. At every corner were large white placards calling upon good citizens to disperse, and informing people who ventured out of doors with weapons that the military would shoot them on the spot—all this with a view to making everybody happy and prosperous. . . . Towards three o'clock, after regiment upon regiment had been seen hurrying through the streets with bayonets fixed and cartridge-boxes full, a stray shot, then another, and, finally, a sharp succession of volleys began to be heard. Then workmen and bourgeois, women and priests, dogs, children, and beggars, could be observed rushing affrighted and uttering screams of terror, whilst behind them soldiers laughing at the sport, and bravely commanded, loaded their rifles and sent bullets flying in front of them like hail. After this were seen heaps of dead piled up in thoroughfares where two streets met. Then barricades rose, night came on, and in the dark were heard more volleys, joined to cries of rage, shouts of defiance, quick tramping of feet and frightful oaths, as insurgents and soldiers fought hand to hand amidst crumbling masses of wood and stone. The morning dawned and it was not yet over; the work of making everybody happy was only half accomplished. Some barricades held good with stolid obstinacy, and had to be carried at the bayonet's point after desperate and fearful struggles. Then came the sweeping of cavalry, and after that the sweeping of shot fired by soldiers nearly mad, on the Boulevards. To the dead in blouses were added the dead in silk and kid gloves. Here, a pretty woman who had come out to see the soldiers pass; there, an exquisite with an unfinished cigar in his hand, who had been shot down dead in front of a café. A few hours of terror and panic followed, during which the work of happiness progressed. The soldiers were triumphing. Shops were closed, markets abandoned, streets deserted. Occasionally a single scream would ring through the air, as a frightened rebel pursued by soldiers would bound, with his hair wild and his eyes glaring, through a silent thoroughfare trying to find a refuge. Then there would be a halt, a clicking of gun-locks, a clear bang, and the rebel would roll over in the dust, having found his refuge. Towards night such episodes grew rarer, and the soldiers bivouacked in the open spaces of the city, pleased with their day's labour and toasting the President in double rations of wine. Around them the houses were lifeless. There were no lights in the windows. The republicans of the day before were hiding under their beds and in cellars. At odd moments a soldier would send a bullet through a window to hear the glass shiver and make his comrades laugh. A few hours later the telegraph reported that the city

was quiet. The Elysée became invaded by visitors who hurried to pay their compliments, and—the work of happiness was completed.

And where was the Hexameton the while? The Hexameton fought. Casting aside the rancours of the evening, it sallied forth in a body as soon as it heard the sounds of firing, and joined in the shouts of the crowds who were crying that the Republic should not be put down! that Paris would fight to the death! There were prodigies of valour performed during those two days. Three barricades were formed, and only abandoned when the soldiery had fought their way inch by inch over every paving-stone. At the last of the barriers the Hexameton saw two of its members fall. When the numbers were counted it was found that Maximilien the Breton was under a heap of dead; and that poor Toupie was lying—still smiling, and as though asleep—in the foremost place among our outworks. Our red flag—not the first, but a new one already riddled with bullets—served to cover them both, and a Sister of Mercy, who had been tending the wounded silently and bravely like a ministering angel amid the din of the battle, sprinkled holy water over their brows and gently prayed for them.

VIII.

On the 7th of December what remained of the Hexameton was making its way, powder-stained and panting, up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Camille wanted to learn what had become of his father, and the other three of us had insisted on accompanying him. Knowing how sturdy and honest was the republicanism of the ex-blacksmith, how deep was his love for the people's rights, how stern his hatred of oppression, we feared to learn that he had fallen side by side with the Representative, Baudin, and other of the Radicals who had given their lives for their convictions. His house was deserted. Baptiste, his servant, stood at the door and told us that an attempt had been made to arrest him on the evening of the 2nd, but that he had been warned in time, had fled, and had not been seen since. Baptiste thought that he must have been fighting, for he had taken his big stick and a revolver with him.

Camille turned pale, but went away at once, thinking it useless to stay, and we walked back sorrowfully along the Boulevards, going towards the Place de la Concorde, with the intention of stopping at the Palace of the Assembly and asking if anybody there had heard of the Deputy Lange. In the Rue Royale we were stopped by an immense crowd that choked up the whole of the space between the Madeleine and the Obelisk. Flags were flying from the houses. Gaily-dressed women were standing at the windows, with bouquets in their hands ready to throw. People were laughing and smiling. A double row of soldiers was bordering the way, and excited policemen were shouting to the crowds to stand back. "What is it?" we asked. "Who are you waiting for?" "The Prince," answered somebody, joyfully, and our next question was cut short, for suddenly a formidable cheer—deep, continuous, and growing in force as the waves of

the sea—started from the corner of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, was caught up on both sides of the street, and spread from the Boulevards to the Place de la Concorde. Hats were thrown up, handkerchiefs were waved, bouquets were showered down; and amidst all this, calm and unmoved, upon a white horse, rode a slight-looking man, with downcast eyes and a thoughtful face, who answered the shouts of welcome with quiet, impassive complacency. This was the author of the scheme for making everybody happy and prosperous. Around him fervent supporters, who had broken through the lines of soldiers, were rending the air with their shouts. There were deputies, guards, journalists, dandies—all republicans of the eve, Bonapartists of the morrow; and foremost among them who should we see, waving his hat the most fiercely, vociferating the loudest, and clapping his hands most enthusiastically, but M. Demosthenes Lange!

There was a thrill amongst us, and then Louis exclaimed, suddenly, "I say, here, Henri, help! hold up Camille: he has fainted!"

IX.

What remains is soon told. As most people are aware, M. Demosthenes Lange was shortly after appointed a senator. He now calls himself Count de Lange, and wears yellow kid gloves, which are specially made for him (large "tens," with double seams). It is one of his greatest regrets that the "good times" of the second empire are passing, and that the people are growing daily more factious and more exacting. M. le Comte de Lange is of opinion that nothing will ever be done with France unless there is a new *coup-d'état* periodically on the 2nd of December every ten years, and it is only fair to add that there are plenty of his colleagues who agree with him.

M. de Lange, however, is not the only one upon whom the cycle of years and events has worked some change of opinion. After 1851 the four surviving members of the Hexameton lost sight of one another, each going his own way on different roads of life. They met again, however, a few weeks ago, and by a mere chance, at a dinner given by one of his Majesty's senators, a Marquis, and one of the most witty men in Paris. They were announced successively by the footman as "M. le Colonel Comte de Crème," "M. le Vicomte Camille de Lange," "M. le Baron de Cascarot," and "M. de Lardé." Camille was a secretary of legation at the court of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Gutta-Percha; Cascarot was a Prefect; your humble servant sported a small scarlet rosette at his buttonhole. The four looked at each other, coloured a little, and then laughed.

Perhaps they would have felt embarrassed as to what to say, but happily the butler entered at that moment, announcing, "*Madame la Marquise est servie.*" And we all went in to dinner.

Arcadia.

Nor long ago I was staying in a quiet district removed by some distance from the ordinary track of the tourist world. The huge mountain wall which has rendered access to it difficult, has somehow or other failed to attract many lovers of Alpine scenery. A stray man of science or two, a few of the eccentric persons who hate a crowd, and occasional pedlers and commercial travellers on a small scale, are the only representatives of the outside world. A belated newspaper turns up at rare intervals in the public room of the solitary inn, sometimes within a week of its publication, to be slowly spelt out by the local magnates. To the mass of the population the region beyond their little valley is as uninteresting as Saturn or Sirius to us. Each family lives on the produce of its own fields, clothes itself with the wool of its own sheep, and passes the dreary winter months, when the snow lies many feet deep outside the houses, in spinning and talking round the fire. It would be thoughtless to ask what they talk about; for of course their talk resembles that of all other human beings—that is to say, it must consist chiefly of small personal gossip. And yet it is rather difficult to realize the extreme narrowness of the circle in which their thoughts must revolve. They have no politics, unless a languid dislike to taxation and the conscription be dignified with that name; they hold to their religion—or superstitions, as some people would call it—firmly, if not fervently; but they are as little given to theological controversy as if Luther had never existed, or never been contradicted: science is represented by a rickety barometer, which is sometimes impatiently rapped in bad weather in the spirit in which a negro beats his fetish; and art by a few fly-spotted prints of the Virgin and the Emperor Napoleon, a couple of fiddles, and an organ in the village church. I often fancied that life might very well be carried on in this quiet nook with no more than the hundred words or so which are said to form a sufficient vocabulary to express all the thoughts of the British agricultural labourer. The rest of the dictionary might be summarily abolished. One question, however, was being agitated with some expenditure of eloquence. The party of progress demanded the construction of a carriage-road to join them to civilization; the conservatives naturally opposed so perilous an innovation; and many long discussions on this knotty point will probably provide amusement for the approaching winter.

Of course it is only a question of time. A road will come, and then a railway; the little eddy will be swept away in the main stream, and one more retired nook will lose its provincial customs and be as expensive, as noisy, and as commonplace as the rest of the world. The next generation

will sing songs of triumph over the advance of civilization, and laugh at the queer old progenitors, whose feeble obstructiveness was so easily overcome. It is the old story, and there is but one catastrophe. For good or for bad, we must make the best of it; and yet the problem set before these poor people sometimes suggested the doubt whether the good was so plainly predominant. The peasants in the valley are comfortable if not rich; they are tolerably fed and housed; they are fairly intelligent, though they have neither newspapers nor sensation novels; and if they have few tastes, they can gratify pretty completely such as they possess. Will they be really the better off when they have half-a-dozen rich innkeepers, a swarm of beggars, and a steady stream of tourists; when they have radicals, and socialists, and atheists, and begin to discuss the rights of man and the truth of the doctrines which they now receive so complacently from their fat, snuffy old priest, who passes his mornings in saying mass, and the rest of the day playing bowls in the village street? A brilliant writer tells us how the Tyrolese were once governed contentedly by an emperor in a white coat and red trousers; they were told that he had been superseded by a ruler in a blue coat and white trousers; whereupon they seized their rifles, rushed to the field of battle, and fell fighting like heroes; what is the proper inference? Should we laugh at their ignorance or admire their heroism, and can we feel sure that when one is dispelled the other will not lose something of its purity and energy? Is not Arcadia, when we can find it, a happier and a better place to live in than this noisy vortex of railroads, "a fuzzing and a whuzzing," as the poor old farmer so pathetically remarked, with its coal-smoke blotting out the sky, its ceaseless whirl of excitement, and weekly bills? May there not be some truth in Rousseau's old-fashioned declamations in *Emile* and elsewhere? My own reconversion to the comfortable belief in the nineteenth century was speedily effected by an enterprising Swiss innkeeper. Good cookery, good beds, a pile of fresh newspapers, and a railroad within reach, brought me again into harmony with European civilization, and forced me to admit that if we live faster and pay more for our comforts, we get something for our money. I cast off the temporary shade of sentimentality, felt myself to be the heir of all the ages, and swore that I would not herd with narrow foreheads vacant of our glorious gains—so long, at least, as I could afford to herd with anybody else. Yet if ever the time should come when I have to solve the problem of living on the income which in England will just keep me on the safe side of the workhouse, could I not retire with great contentment to a region where it would place me amongst the local magnates? I might think about nothing, smoke my halfpenny cigar with the priest after a noonday dinner, and pity the poor creatures who hang on to the outskirts of a London suburb, and get an occasional breath of fresh air by help of an excursion-train.

To say the truth, such oscillations of opinion are inevitable. We have all sworn, at moments of sea-sickness, that, if spared to reach the land, we would never tempt the treacherous waters again; and within

twenty-four hours our vows have vanished like a dream. Often, when toiling up the barren mountain ridges behind my quiet village, it seemed to me that my future life should be passed lying on my back drinking sherry-cobbler, and staring at the clouds in the rich meadows of the valley; and as often, half an hour's repose became intolerable, and sent me back to be parched by the sun and wearied by the toilsome climb. I believe that, if I dared, I could quote a passage from a classical poet in confirmation of these recondite truths, but some readers might suspect me of referring to the Latin grammar. It would be more to the purpose if I could fix the point of equilibrium at which my mind ultimately comes to rest. And this much may be said with confidence. It is a fact that, somehow or other, I, in company with two or three million companions, manage somehow to drag out existence in London. I do not seek to account for a phenomenon which at times appears rather strange; nor to ask why we do not make a summary exodus—with a bare bodkin or otherwise—from this dingy wilderness of brick and its canopy of fog and coal-smoke. There is the fact, which must, on the whole, have the precedence of theory. On the other hand, it seems to me doubtful whether a person who had reached a certain stage of cultivation could possibly support life in the village aforesaid. It does very well for those whose talk is of oxen. But to one whose mental faculties have been stirred into some kind of activity, the stagnation would be intolerable. Solitary confinement, long enough protracted, drives its victims mad; and when the solitude is only broken by animated mummies, it seems to me that it would be in some ways more intolerable than before. It would be hard to invite an oyster to become a seaweed or a crab to settle down for life between a pair of oystershells; though seaweeds and oysters have some advantages over the higher organisms, and oysters, in particular, lead a life which has many charms for the contemplative mind. In short, when certain faculties have been called into activity, they must have some satisfaction, though they seem at times to give more pain than pleasure; and therefore, I suppose, we must hold the mountain villager lower than the London cad.

In seeking, however, to work out this comparison in detail, certain difficulties will obstinately present themselves. We get landed in one or other of two sets of platitudes, which, as the sublime Burke remarked, always run equal and parallel. A little time ago, the nineteenth century was perhaps the most offensive object of eulogy. It culminated a few years back, before the cotton-famine and commercial disasters had given rather a bilious hue to our reflections, but no doubt it will come up again with an improvement in the state of trade. The operations of bulls and bears extend beyond the Stock Exchange, and produce a visible effect upon the tone of our speculations. Just now, the sun of England has got into a habit of setting for ever in leading articles; a tone of virtuous indignation has become customary, and recalls the state of feeling in the middle of the last century, when the downfall of our country was pro-

phesied so often, and with such gloomy satisfaction. There is no place in which, if we may believe certain writers, a lower estimate of English morality, intelligence, and prosperity is taken than in England. At bottom there is probably a very substantial substratum of that profound self-satisfaction which never deserts us at our darkest moments. The superficial current of opinion, however, points in the opposite direction; and if I wished to exalt Arcadia as highly as possible at the expense of cockneydom, I could be in no want of materials. Look, for example, at the British female, of whose many virtues we formerly took so much pride. A whole literature of denunciation has sprung up. Without any trouble beyond cutting out a few leading articles, I might draw a portrait of her enormities fit to be hung beside that brilliant gallery in which Lord Macaulay has preserved, in glowing colours, the likenesses of her great-great-grandmothers. Her mind, I might say, is empty and frivolous; her most serious study is a peculiarly feeble and corrupting literature, known by the significant name of sensation novels; her accomplishments are confined to stammering a little bad French, and the indifferent performance of the vulgar melodies of music-halls; in the acquiring this wretched imitation of polish, she has spent the most precious years of her life, while she has been carefully warned off every study calculated to enlarge the mind or refine the taste; her person is disfigured by a slavish obedience to the senseless fashions which cramp the body and destroy the health; her face is a mere mask of paint, and her hair is as artificial as her manners; her time is consumed in a senseless round of amusements which do not amuse, and of petty duties which do not elevate; her one object in life is the running down of a husband, who uses her as a play-thing, or occasionally as a whipping-block; failing of success, she is doomed to a life of dependence and entire deprivation of reasonable interest; she has no property which she can call her own, and in the serious business of life her advice is never asked, nor is its value estimated at a rate lower than it deserves. To study the morality which is the natural product of such a state of manners, it is only necessary to investigate the reports of the police court or the pages of the novels in which she delights. It is, no doubt, gratifying to adopt such a tone; satire is very easy, and ever since satire became a trade, the frivolities and immoralities of the women of the day have been amongst its most favourite topics. The indignant denouncer of folly places him or herself upon a lofty pedestal, and acts the part of the faithful Abdiel with intense satisfaction. It is a covert way of saying, See how good and wise and penetrating I am amidst you corrupt and blinded people. Moreover, the preacher is really pandering to the tastes which he professedly attacks; the audience which delights in such weaknesses is precisely the one which likes to read a glowing description of them, rendered more piquant though professedly concealed under a thin veil of denunciation. The worst symptom is—not that such attacks are probably founded more or less upon facts, but that they attract so many eager readers; for it

implies that many persons relish warm descriptions of the delightful pomps and vanities and wickednesses of the classes above them. I do not know what ground there may be for these diatribes beyond the growing, and in many ways most desirable dissatisfaction of women with their present position; but I do know that there never was a time when such things were not said with more or less truth, and I also know that there are women to whom they are about as applicable as to the Egyptian sphinx. And, therefore, when I try to compare English ladies with the women in my little fragment of Arcadia, I feel that some more realistic portrait is required. Certainly in Arcadia faces are not made beautiful for ever, they are seldom even treated with soap and water; there is no literature of the sensation kind, nor indeed of any other; there are no frivolous amusements, unless a chat round the fountains may be so described; and so far from indulging in senseless rounds of gaiety, they are employed day after day in mowing the hay, or feeding the cows, or beating out flax, or bearing heavy weights up and down the hills, until they are bent and disfigured and made old and haggard before their time. If the question were simply between the thoughtless butterfly and the industrious ant, we might prefer the ant, however gloomy and prosaic its occupations. But it is an uncomfortable dilemma when one is invited to prefer an existence of the vegetable order merely because it gives less opening for temptations to over-excitement.

Indeed one suspects at times that the restless excitement of which we hear so many complaints, "the weariness, the fever, and the fret," over which men of business groan as well as poets, which is supposed to fill our madhouses and bring up the average of suicides, may be not a little exaggerated. I remember, in the days of my innocence, being a good deal impressed by a sentence in Albert Smith's lecture upon Mont Blanc, wherein he spoke of the wear and tear and consequent exhaustion of the life of a literary man in London, to which it seemed that the ascent of Mont Blanc formed a necessary relief. At that period I rather believed in literary men in London. I supposed them to be a strange excitable race, talking with unutterable smartness in club smoking-rooms, plunged at one moment into a Grub-street garret, and at another the idols of the gilded drawing-rooms of a luxurious aristocracy. I have since made the acquaintance of some of them, and must confess to a certain disappointment; not, of course, that their conversation is not always overflowing with pointed epigrams, but that somehow their external life is apt to be remarkably humdrum. They frequently dress like other people, pay their bills quarterly, marry and live in decent houses, and turn out their work as mechanically and regularly as clerks in a railway-station. Artists, as became their temperament, used to act the Bohemian character better; but since beards have come into general use it has been less easy to distinguish between them and the vulgar herd which travels in omnibuses and holds season-tickets in the Metropolitan Railway. The man of business, again, used to be a pet illusion of mine. I fancied him a millionaire one

day and a pauper the next, up to the elbows in mysterious calculations, and ruling the commerce of the world from the smoky dens in which he (occasionally) plundered the innocent. This type has certainly stood the test of experience better than most; and the writers of romance, whenever they are out of other characters, may find thrilling incidents enough in all conscience in the history of modern speculation. Yet, even here, I have my doubts whether the excitement is generally so overpowering, the work so absorbing, and the danger of softening of the brain so terribly imminent, as we are sometimes inclined to fancy. Certainly I have found men who, in my fancy, were plunged in the very vortex of business, wonderfully ready to relax in a friendly chat, and even to take a comfortable lunch, and, it may be, to smoke a cigar after it in the very middle of their working hours. Undoubtedly those things that are always going up and down in the City—to quote Mr. Weller's famous periphrasis—are unpleasantly apt to scatter ruin and misery, and occasionally madness and suicide, in the course of their fearful circumgyrations; but somehow or other there is even there a greater element of prosaic calm than we sometimes fancy, and people do manage to snatch a hasty repose on the brink of the precipice. At any rate, of all the impositions by which men delude themselves and their families, that of over-work and over-excitement is one of the commonest. Lads at the university always attribute their ailments—especially when speaking to their mothers—to over-study; and the same device is wonderfully prevalent in maturer life. The instances of men broken down under extreme application to business are frequent and distressing enough; but they would be more distressing to my mind if I had not observed how many of the victims persuade themselves that they are desperately hard at work when they are counting the flies on the ceiling of their office, and manage to come home early every day, to take good long holidays, and preserve complexions of the ruddiest hue of health. The old lawyers, unless they lied (which is out of the question), used to study in their youth for eighteen hours a day; and in maturer years to rise at dawn and to labour late into the night. One great lesson which has only been laid to heart in modern times is the importance of holidays; and if we do more in the same time we certainly take longer periods of complete repose. The genus of which I am speaking was ill represented in Arcadia; but there was a typical specimen in a podgy tradesman, who kept a shop of miscellaneous articles in the main street. He passed most of his time basking in the sun on a rickety chair with a large pipe in his mouth; and I fear, from the conformation of his nose, that he occasionally solaced himself with some of the contents of the black bottles in his window. He must have been a good judge of bowls, for he steadily watched the perennial game in the street with one eye; but I doubt his keenness in business, judging from the obvious dislike with which he regarded the rare customer who compelled him to retire behind his counter. His brain won't soften, unless from excessive indulgence in very mild tobacco; but he seems to be in some danger of taking root and developing into a

large grimy pumpkin. He will certainly not hurry his compatriots into reckless speculation; though, if he does not previously die of apoplexy, I fear he will suffer much trouble of mind whenever the projected road brings the demon of competition into his retirement. If some mischievous fairy transplanted him into the Strand, and set down in his place one of the pushing gentlemen who struggle for the honour of cockney custom, their reflections would make a curious contrast. Is it happier to doze through existence or to go double and quits for life and fortune every year you live?

The question stated in such general terms is, of course, insoluble. It is like asking whether it is best to be too fat or too thin, to be a spend-thrift or a miser, to die of *delirium tremens* or to live like St. Simeon on the top of a pillar; we can only shake our heads and declare that there is much to be said on both sides of the question. Before coming to any conclusion we must weigh the rival inconveniences as well as simply enumerate them. A little dexterous manipulation will incline the balance in either direction; and if such discussions ever convinced anybody, might with equal ease empty London of cockneys or fill it with country bumpkins. Luckily, lay-sermons (whatever may be the case with their prototypes) generally produce little effect beyond this—that their writers are glad to read them. What, for example, has become of those voluminous demonstrations which were fashionable not long ago, that it was possible to marry on 300*l.* a year? and have London clubs suffered since enthusiastic lovers of domestic life exposed their tendency to foster the luxurious habits of our young men? It was, indeed, strange that any one should think of arguing the great 300*l.* a year controversy, considering how many millions of our countrymen manage to solve it practically. A hundred yards' walk through any street in London would demonstrate the possibility of marrying under such circumstances, and even bringing up a family—at a certain price. Whether it was worth while to make the sacrifice was a question which each man must settle by himself or with the object of his affections. And I shall not announce any startling piece of news when I say that any one who can raise the price of a ticket to certain districts on the Continent may make practical observations on the point. With an income of 300*l.* a year, he would be considered in Arcadia as a local Cræsus. He might take the best inn's best room; might have the most costly wine and the richest food; he might astonish the natives by the splendour of his dress; plunge recklessly into every available form of dissipation, and be considered as an eligible match for the best dowered maiden of the district. It is very hard to reckon the intrinsic value of the pleasures he would abandon in England. Few people ever find time to sit down and calculate coolly whether on the whole their life is worth what they pay for it; they plod steadily onwards in the old grooves, and the very possibility of a complete change seldom occurs to them. It is only a few eccentric Englishmen who every now and then find out that they would do better to draw their stakes in this great lottery, and settle down in some island

in the Mediterranean, or, it may be, in the centre of Abyssinia; and doubtless it requires immense resolution or some great mental shock from outside to burst all links of habit and to wander far away in search of splendour on 300*l.* a year. The hero of Locksley Hall thought himself a very fine fellow for resolving to go on spinning down the ringing grooves of change; but in reality he only conformed in poetical language to the ordinary device for trusting to the old jog-trot round of commonplace duties and comforts.

It would be impertinent then to pronounce any definite judgment, beyond a faint expression of the wish that a certain number of people—whom every one can name for himself—would take an original view of their position in life and discover that they were unsuited to tread on our toes. There is a friend or two whom I meet at my club, and even one or two writers in the press, upon whom I should like to press this conclusion; but for myself, I am willing to “stand by my country,” as Johnson and Savage magnanimously resolved, so long as it will find me in a certain quantity of comforts. And as this resolution will undoubtedly be shared by some twenty millions of Englishmen, to say nothing of a large minority even in Ireland, we must look out for some other moral. We must assume that we are doomed to go on being civilized, whether under that name we understand being provided with board and lodging by our respective parishes or living in a princely mansion in Belgravia. We shall be worried and vexed and excited. We shall be shuffled together backwards and forwards and up and down by railways and steamboats; we shall be the shuttlecocks of all kinds of revolutionary battledores; we shall go up on the wings of speculation and come down with a run when we least expect; our souls will be vexed by controversies about all our most cherished ideas, from the propriety of household suffrage to the origin of the human race; all kinds of social science associations and charitable institutions and political agitators will make the air around us thick with controversies, and bewilder us with discordant war-cries; and meanwhile we shall have to incur tailors’ bills, to dine under the oppressive inspection of gorgeous gentlemen in plush or to get a glass of gin at public-houses, and to undergo martyrdom at evening-parties or be sermonized at meetings for the benefit of mankind. In short, we shall go along with the stream, and meanwhile we shall be equally vexed with solemn preachers, who, in tones of superior wisdom, assure us that we are all going post-haste to destruction, and with the vulgar optimists of the penny press, who raise their noisy songs of triumph over every additional element of confusion, and endeavour with such success as may be to act the character of interpreters of the age to itself.

It would be childish to invite the world to go backwards, or to say that the days of simplicity were the true golden age, and even to make the usual distinction—which has grown to be rather tiresome—between mechanical progress and true spiritual improvement. Everybody knows by this time that there is a difference between a railroad director and an evan-

gelist ; and we need not dwell upon the precise points of distinction. But there are certain lessons to be brought back from Arcadia. There is one of far too great moment to be more than hinted at here ; it is to be learnt at Bethnal Green, or even further west ; and to be enforced by comparing the London pauper with the unsophisticated peasant. There is no fear of our forgetting it for want of legible warnings or of neglecting to observe that the great mass of our countrymen are only too safe from any temptations to excessive luxury. I have been occasionally told by comfortable philanthropists that it is no use to raise the wages of a working-man, because his additional pay only goes to the gin-palace, which may be a true, as it is certainly, in one sense, a comfortable doctrine to the wage-paying class ; but keeping well away from such dangerous topics, I am often inclined to ask whether my benevolent informant is sure that his own use of the money will be so very much wiser ? Of course it will not go in the shape of liquor—at least, of the humbler kinds—but there sometimes seems to be an equal difficulty in converting it to any reasonable purposes. Life in London is an amazingly cumbrous operation. We are oppressed by our own magnificence and our profound devotion to respectability. I do not speak of the gilded mansions denounced by socialists and other objectionable persons, or inquire how much pleasure is derived from noble suites of apartments, described by house-agents and the beautiful flunkeys who pervade them. It is the good, ordinary, middle-class Briton who excites my compassion for sufferings in which I share. He always seems to have more or less of the *nouveau riche* about him, and to be singularly awkward in his Sunday clothes. Amusements are so scanty and so troublesome that, for the most part, he is content to go without them ; and of all large cities in the world London is that in which it is most impossible for a stranger to spend a pleasant evening. To go to a theatre is as laborious as to do a hard day's work. Society involves so many pompous and elaborate preparations, that a rational being shrinks from sacrificing himself at its altar. One cannot even go to church without being made to feel that one owes it to oneself and mankind to be oppressively stupid and respectable. Even at the domestic hearth we are in bondage to servants, who keep an eye upon us unflinchingly to see that we are always up to the mark, and pay due reverence to all the social ceremonials that have risen to the rank of religious observances, and we have a fine healthy contempt for economy in any direction, which makes us sensible to the extreme meanness of trying to be happy cheaply. Our wheels drive wondrous heavily, though we grudge no expense in greasing them.

Of course there are plenty of people who will demonstrate in black and white that all this is absolutely necessary ; and indeed it is next to impossible for any individual to liberate himself without more effort than it is worth. It is easiest to take things as they are, and to like your neighbours. Nothing is more trying than the society of some persons

who make a point of being unconventional, and consequently oppress their guests with a tenfold shyness. At such places one feels like a raw youth who is rashly told to be quite at his ease and talk naturally, and who straightway wishes the earth to open and swallow him. The most successful performers remind me of the heavy German baron jumping over tables and chairs with the plea "*Sh'abbrens être vif.*" Our freedom must be worked out gradually, and by a slow but simultaneous return to common sense. But until the yoke has been broken, it is hard to travel in any foreign country without a certain sense of shame. I do not exactly speak of my primitive village, though even there life has certain graces, and there is a facility for such intercourse as their degree of cultivation allows which would scarcely be matched in a similar place in England. But in Germany, for example, people do manage to amuse themselves cheaply, and to be sociable on easy terms. Men are content to be learned and happy on incomes which we think incompatible with anything but ignorance and threefold dulness, and thereby a good deal of over-anxious toiling and struggling seems to be satisfactorily avoided. I often thought of such things on a quiet evening in the remote village of which I speak, when the natives were singing and drinking (sometimes to excess) in the picturesque little street, that seemed to harmonize so well with the lovely scenery behind; but somehow the noise of London has pretty well silenced my meditations, though it has left enough to take shape in the few preceding pages.

A CYNIC.

St. Paul and Protestantism.

II.

WE have seen how Puritanism seems to come by its religion in the first instance theologically and from authority ; Paul by his, on the other hand, psychologically and from experience. Even the points, therefore, in which they both meet, they have not reached in the same order or by the same road. The miserable sense of sin from unrighteousness, the joyful witness of a good conscience from righteousness, these are points in which Puritanism and St. Paul meet. They are facts of human nature and can be verified by science. But whereas Puritanism, so far as science is concerned, ends with these facts, and rests the whole weight of its antecedent theurgy upon the testimony they offer, Paul begins with these facts and has not yet, so far as we have followed him, called upon them to prove anything but themselves. The scientific difference, as we have already remarked, which this establishes between Paul and Puritanism is immense, and is all in Paul's favour. Sin and righteousness, together with their eternal accompaniments of fear and hope, misery and happiness, can prove themselves ; but they can by no means prove, also, Puritanism's history of original sin, election and justification. We have now to see whether Paul, in passing from the undoubted facts of experience with which he begins, to his religion properly so called, abandons in any essential points of his teaching the advantage with which he started, and ends, as Puritanism commences, with a batch of arbitrary and unscientific assumptions.

We left Paul in collision with a fact of human nature, but in itself a sterile fact, a fact on which it is possible to dwell too long, though Puritanism has remained absorbed in the contemplation of it, and indeed has never properly got beyond it—the sense of sin. This sense, however, it is also possible not to have strongly enough, and the Greeks, with all their great gifts, had not this sense strongly enough ; its strength in the Hebrew people is one of this people's mainsprings. “ Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me so that I am not able to look up ; they are more than the hairs of mine head ; therefore my heart faileth me.” *They are more than the hairs of mine head* ; the motions of what Paul calls the law in our members are indeed a hydra-brood ; when we are working against one fault, a dozen others crop up without our expecting it ; and this it is which drives the man who deals seriously with himself to difficulty, nay to despair. Paul did not need James to tell him that whoever offends on one point is, so far at least as his own conscience and inward satisfaction

is concerned, guilty of all; he knew it himself, and the unrest this knowledge gave him was his very starting-point. He knew, too, that nothing outward, no satisfaction of all the requirements men may make of us, no privileges of any sort, can give peace of conscience;—of conscience, “whose praise is not of men but of God.” He knew, also, that the law of the moral order stretches beyond us and our private conscience, is independent of our sense of having kept it, and stands absolute and what in itself it is; even, therefore, though I may know nothing against myself, yet this is not enough, I may still not be just. Finally, he knew that merely to know all this and say it, is of no use, advances us nothing; “the kingdom of God is not in word but in power.”

We have several times said that the Hebrew race apprehended God,—the universal order by which all things fulfil the law of their being,—chiefly as the moral order in human nature, and that it was their greatness that they apprehended him as this so distinctly and powerfully. But it is also characteristic of them, and perhaps it is what mainly distinguishes their spirit from the spirit of mediæval Christianity, that they constantly thought, too, of God as the source of life and breath and all things, and of what they called “fulness of life” in all things. This way of thinking was common to them with the Greeks, but whereas the Greeks threw more delicacy and imagination into it, the Hebrews threw more energy and vital warmth. “God’s righteousness,” indeed, “standeth like the strong mountains, his judgments are like the great deep; he is a righteous judge, strong and patient, who is provoked every day.” This is the Hebrew’s first and deepest conception of God,—as the source of the moral order. But God is also, to the Hebrews, “the rock from which we are hewn,” the power by which we have been “upholden ever since we were born,” that has “fashioned us and laid his hand upon us” and envelops us on every side, that has “made us fearfully and wonderfully,” and whose “mercy is over all his works.” He is the power that “saves both man and beast, gives them drink of his pleasures as out of the river,” and with whom is “the well of life.” In his speech at Athens, Paul shows how full he, too, was of this feeling; and in the famous passage in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where he asserts the existence of the natural moral law, the source he assigns to this law is not merely God in conscience, the righteous judge, but God in the world and the workings of the world, the eternal and divine power from which all life and energy proceed. This element in which we live and move and have our being, which stretches around and beyond the strictly moral element in us, around and beyond the finite sphere of what is originated, measured, and controlled by our own understanding and will,—this infinite element is very present to Paul’s thoughts, and makes a profound impression on them. “No man,” as the Hebrew psalm says, “hath quickened his own soul.” Through every great spirit runs a train of feeling of this sort; and the power and depth which there undoubtedly is in Calvinism, comes from Calvinism’s being possessed by it. Paul is not, like Calvinism,

possessed by it; but it is always before his mind and strongly agitates his thoughts. The voluntary, rational, and human world of righteousness, moral choice, effort, filled the first place in his spirit. But the necessary, mystical, and divine world of influence, sympathy, emotion, filled the second, and he could pass naturally from the one to the other. What he calls "the power that worketh in us," and that produces results transcending all our expectations and calculations, he instinctively sought to combine with our personal agencies of reason and conscience.

Of such a power and its operation some clear notion may be got by everybody who has ever had any overpowering attachment, or has been, according to the common expression, in love. Every one knows how being in love changes for the time a man's spiritual atmosphere, and makes animation and buoyancy where before there was flatness and dullness. One may even say that this is the reason why being in love is so popular with the whole human race,—because it relieves in so irresistible and delightful a manner the tedium or depression of commonplace human life. And not only does it change the atmosphere of our spirits, making air, light, and movement where before was stagnation and gloom, but it also sensibly and powerfully increases our faculties of action. It is matter of the commonest remark how a timid man who is in love will show courage, or an indolent man will show diligence. Nay, a timid man who would be only the more paralysed in a moment of danger by being told that it is his bounden duty as a man to show firmness, and that he must be ruined and disgraced for ever if he does not, will show firmness quite easily from being in love. An indolent man who shrinks back from vigorous effort only the more because he is told and knows that it is a man's business to show energy, and that it is shameful in him if he does not, will show energy quite easily from being in love. This, I say, we learn from the analogy of the most everyday experience;—that a powerful attachment will give a man spirits and confidence which he could by no means call up or command of himself; and that in this mood he can do wonders which would not be possible to him without it.

We have seen how Paul felt himself to be for the sake of righteousness apprehended, to use his own expression, by Christ. "I seek," he says, "to apprehend that for which* also I am apprehended by Christ." This for which he is thus apprehended is,—still to use his own words,—*the righteousness of God*; not an incomplete and maimed righteousness, not a partial and unsatisfying establishment of the law of the spirit, dominant to-day, deposed to-morrow, effective at one or two points, failing in a hundred; but an entire conformity at all points with the divine moral order, the will of God, and, in consequence, a sense of harmony with this order, of acceptance with God. In some points Paul had always served this order with a clear conscience. He did not steal, he did not commit

* *Wherein* is, perhaps, a more exact translation than *for which*; but the sense is the same.

adultery. But he was at the same time, he says himself, "a blasphemer and a persecutor and an insulter," and Christ enabled him to feel this. Here was his greatness, and the worth of his way of appropriating Christ. We have seen how Calvinism, too,—Calvinism which has built itself upon Paul,—is a blasphemer, when it speaks of good works done by those who do not hold the Calvinist doctrine. There would need no great sensitiveness of conscience, one would think, to show that Calvinism has often been, also, a persecutor and an insulter. But the difference between Paul's hold on Christ and Calvinism's is this : that Paul by studying Christ got to know himself and to transform his narrow conception of righteousness, while Calvinism studies both Christ and Paul after him to no such good purpose.

These, however, are but the veriest rudiments of the history of Paul's gain from Christ, as the particular impression mentioned is but the veriest fragment of the total impression produced on him. The sum and substance of that total impression may best be conveyed by two words,—*without sin*. We must here revert to what we have already said of the importance, for sound criticism of a man's ideas, of the order in which his ideas come. For us, who approach Christianity through a scholastic theology, it is Christ's divinity which establishes his being without sin. For Paul, who approached Christianity through his personal experience, it was Christ's being without sin which established his divinity. The large and complete conception of righteousness to which he himself had slowly and late, and only by Christ's help, awakened, in Christ he saw existing absolutely and naturally. The devotion to this conception which made it meat and drink to carry it into effect, a devotion of which he himself was strongly and deeply conscious, he saw in Christ still stronger, by far, and deeper than in himself. But for attaining the righteousness of God, for reaching an absolute conformity with the moral order and with God's will, he saw no such impotence existing in Christ's case as in his own. For Christ, the uncertain conflict between the law in our members and the law of the spirit did not appear to exist. Those eternal vicissitudes of victory and defeat, which drove Paul to despair, in Christ were absent ; smoothly and inevitably he followed the real and eternal order in preference to the momentary and apparent order. Obstacles outside him there were plenty, but obstacles within him there were none. He was led by the spirit of God ; he was dead to sin, he lived to God ; and in this life to God he persevered even to the cruel bodily death of the cross. As many as are led by the spirit of God, says Paul, are the sons of God. If this is so with even us, who live to God so feebly and who render such an imperfect obedience, how much more is he who lives to God entirely and who renders an unalterable obedience, the unique and only Son of God ? This is undoubtedly the main line of movement which Paul's ideas respecting Christ follow. He had been trained, however, in the scholastic theology of Judaism, just as we are trained in the scholastic theology of Christianity ; would that we were as little embarrassed with our training as he was ! The Jewish theological doctrine respecting the eternal word or wisdom of

God, which was with God from the beginning before the oldest of his works, and through which the world was created,—this doctrine, which appears in the Book of Proverbs and again in the Book of Wisdom, Paul applied to Christ, and in the Epistle to the Colossians there is a remarkable passage with clear signs of his thus applying it. But then this metaphysical and theological basis to the historic being of Christ is something added by Paul from outside to his own essential ideas concerning Christ, something which fitted them and was naturally taken on to them; it is not an original part of his system, much less the ground of it. It fills a very different place in his system from the place which it fills in the system of John, who takes his starting-point from it. Paul's starting-point, it cannot be too often repeated, is the idea of righteousness; and his concern with Christ is as the clue to righteousness, not as the clue to transcendental ontology. Speculations in this region had no real attraction for Paul, notwithstanding the traces of an acquaintance with them which we find in his writings, and notwithstanding the great activity of his intellect; but this activity threw itself with an unerring instinct into a sphere where, with whatever travail and through whatever impediments to clear expression, directly practical religious results might yet be won, and not into any sphere of abstract speculation.

Much more visible and important than his identification of Christ with the divine hypostasis known as the Logos, is Paul's identification of him with the Messiah. Ever present is his recognition of him as the Messiah to whom all the law and prophets pointed, of whom the heart of the Jewish race was full, and on whom the Jewish instructors of Paul's youth had dwelt abundantly. The Jewish language and ideas respecting the end of the world and the Messiah's kingdom, his day, his presence, his appearing, his glory, Paul applied to Christ, and constantly used. Of the force and reality which these ideas and expressions had for him there can be no question; as to his use of them only two remarks are needed. One is, that in him these Jewish ideas,—as any one will feel who calls to mind a genuine display of them like that in the Apocalypse,—are spiritualized; and as he advances in his course they are spiritualized increasingly. The other remark is, that important as these ideas are in Paul, of them, too, the importance is only secondary, compared with that of the great central matter of his thoughts: *the righteousness of God, the non-fulfilment of it by man, the fulfilment of it by Christ.*

Once more we are led to a result favourable to the scientific value of Paul's teaching. That Christ was the divine Logos, the second person of the Trinity, science can neither deny nor affirm; that he was the Jewish Messiah, who will some day appear in the sky with the sound of trumpets, to put an end to the actual kingdoms of the world and to establish his own kingdom, science can neither deny nor affirm. The very terms of which these propositions are composed are such as science is unable to handle. But that the Christ of the Bible follows the universal order and the will of God, without being let and hindered as we are by the motions of private

passion and by self-will, this is evident to whoever can read the Bible with open eyes. It is just what any criticism of the Gospel-history, which sees that history as it really is, tells us; it is the scientific result of that history. And this is the result which pre-eminently occupies Paul. Of Christ's life and death, the all-importance for us, according to Paul, is that by means of them, "denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly;" should be enabled to "bear fruit to God" in "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control." Their scope was "to redeem us from all iniquity, and make us purely zealous for good works." Paul adds, that we are to live thus in the actual world which now is, "with the expectation of the appearing of the glory of God and Christ." By nature and habit, Paul used these words to mean a Messianic coming and kingdom. Later Christianity has transferred them, as it has transferred so much else of Paul's, to a life beyond the grave, but it has by no means spiritualized them. Paul, as his spiritual growth advanced, spiritualized them more and more; he came to think, in using them, more and more of a gradual inward transformation of the world by a conformity like Christ's to the will of God, than of a Messianic advent. Yet even then they are always second with him, and not first; the essence of saving grace is always to make us righteous, to bring us into conformity with the divine law, to enable us to "bear fruit to God."

"Christ gave himself for us that he might ransom us from iniquity." First of all, he rendered an unbroken obedience to the law of the spirit; he served the spirit of God; he came, not to do his own will, but the will of God. The law of the spirit makes men one; it is only by the law in our members that we are many. Secondly, therefore, he had an unfailing sense of what we have called, using an expressive modern term, the *solidarity* of men; that it was not God's will that one of his human creatures should perish. Thirdly, he persevered in this uninterrupted obedience to the law of the spirit, in this unfailing sense of human solidarity, even to the death; though everything befell him which might break the one or tire out the other. Lastly, he had in himself, in all he said and did, that ineffable force of attraction which doubled the virtue of everything said or done by him. If ever there was a case in which the wonder-working power of attachment might employ itself and work its wonders, it was here. Paul felt the power penetrate him; and he felt, also, how by perfectly identifying himself through it with Christ, and in no other way, could he ever get the confidence and the force to do as Christ did. He thus found a point in which the mighty world outside man, and the weak world inside him, seemed to combine for his salvation. The struggling stream of duty, which had not volume enough to bear him to his goal, was suddenly reinforced by the immense wave of sympathy and emotion. To this new and potent influence Paul gave the name of *faith*. The word points, no doubt, to "coming by hearing," and has a reminiscence, for Paul, of his not having with his own eyes, like the original disciples, seen Christ, and of

his special mission being to Gentiles who had not seen Christ either. But the essential meaning of the word is "power of holding on to the unseen," "fidelity." Other attachments demand fidelity in absence to an object which at some time or other, nevertheless, has been seen; this attachment demands fidelity to an object which both is absent and has never been seen by us. It is therefore rightly called not constancy, but faith; a power, pre-eminently, of fast attachment to the unseen. Identifying ourselves with Christ through this attachment, we become as he was; we live with his thoughts and feelings, and we participate, therefore, in his freedom from the ruinous law in our members, in his obedience to the saving law of the spirit, in his conformity to the eternal order, in the joy and peace of his life to God. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," says Paul, "freed me from the law of sin and death." This is what is done for us by *faith*.

In this word *faith* we reach a word round which the ceaseless stream of religious exhortation and discussion has for ages circled. Even for those who misconceive Paul's line of ideas most completely, faith is so evidently the central point in his system that their thoughts cannot but centre upon it. Puritanism, as is well known, has talked of little else but faith. And the word is of such a nature, that the true clue once lost which Paul has given us to its meaning, every man may put into it almost anything he likes, all the fancies of his superstition or of his fanaticism. To say, therefore, that to have faith in Christ means to be attached to Christ, to embrace Christ, is not enough; the question is, to be attached to him *how*, to embrace him *how*? A favourite expression of popular theology conveys perfectly the popular definition of faith: *to rest in the finished work of the Saviour*. In the scientific language of Calvinism, to embrace Christ, to have saving faith, is "to give our consent heartily to the covenant of grace, and so to receive the benefit of justification, whereby God pardons all our sins and accepts us as righteous for the righteousness of Christ imputed to us." This is mere theurgy, of which, so far as we have yet gone, we have not found a trace in Paul. Wesley, with his genius for godliness, struggled all his life for some deeper and more edifying account of that faith, which he felt working wonders in his own soul, than that it was a hearty consent to the covenant of grace and an acceptance of the benefit of Christ's imputed righteousness. Yet this amiable and gracious spirit, but intellectually slight and shallow compared to Paul, beat his wings in vain. Paul, nevertheless, had solved the problem for him, if only he could have had eyes to see Paul's solution. "He that believes in Christ," says Wesley, "discerns spiritual things; he is enabled to taste, see, hear, and feel God." There is nothing practical and solid here. A company of Cornish revivalists will have no difficulty in tasting, seeing, hearing, and feeling God, twenty times over, to-night, and yet may be none the better for it to-morrow morning. When Paul said, *Have faith in Christ*, these words did not mean, for him: "Give your hearty belief and consent to the covenant of grace, accept the offered benefit of justifica-

tion through Christ's imputed righteousness." They did not mean: "Try and discern spiritual things, try and taste, see, hear, and feel God." They did not mean: "Rest in the finished work of Christ the Saviour." No, they meant: *Die with him!*

The object of this essay is not religious edification, but the true criticism of a great and misunderstood author. Yet it is impossible to be in presence of this Pauline conception of faith without remarking on the incomparable power of edification which it contains. It is indeed a crowning evidence of that piercing practical religious sense which we have attributed to Paul. It is at once mystical and rational; and it enlists in its service the best forces of both worlds, the world of reason and morals, and the world of sympathy and emotion. The world of reason and duty has an excellent clue to action, but wants motive-power; the world of sympathy and influence has an irresistible force of motive-power, but wants a clue for directing its exertion. The danger of the one world is weariness in well-doing; the danger of the other is sterile raptures and immoral fanaticism. Paul takes from both worlds what can help him, and leaves what cannot. The elemental power of sympathy and emotion in us, a power which extends beyond the limits of our own will and conscious activity, which we cannot measure and control, and which in each of us differs immensely in force, volume, and mode of manifestation, he calls into full play, and sets it to work with all its strength and in all its variety. But one unalterable object is assigned by him to this power: *to die with Christ to the law of the flesh, to live with Christ to the law of the mind.*

Paul's repeated and minute lists of practices and feelings to be followed or suppressed, now take a heightened significance. They were the matter by which his faith tried itself and knew itself. Those multitudinous motions of appetite and self-will which reason and conscience disapproved, reason and conscience could yet not govern, and had to yield to them. This, as we have seen, is what drove Paul almost to despair. Well, then, how did Paul's faith help him here? It enabled him to reinforce duty by affection. In the central need of his nature, the desire to govern these motions of unrighteousness, it enabled him to say: *Die to them! Christ did.* If any man be in Christ, said Paul,—that is, if any man identifies himself with Christ by attachment so that he enters into his feelings and lives with his life,—he is a new creature; he can do, and does, what Christ did. First, he suffers with him. Christ throughout his life and in his death presented his body a living sacrifice to God; every self-willed impulse blindly trying to assert itself without respect of the universal order, he died to. You, says Paul to his disciple, are to do the same. Never mind how various and multitudinous the impulses are;—impulses to intemperance, concupiscence, covetousness, pride, sloth, envy, malignity, anger, clamour, bitterness, harshness, unmercifulness. Die to them all, and to each as it comes! Christ did. If you cannot, your attachment, your faith, must be one that goes but a

very little way. In an ordinary human attachment, out of love to a woman, out of love to a friend, out of love to a child, you can suppress quite easily, because by sympathy you become one with them and their feelings, this or that impulse of selfishness which happens to conflict with them, and which hitherto you have obeyed. *All* impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings, he showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you thus die with him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with him. The law of the spirit of life which is in Christ becomes the law of your life also, and frees you from the law of sin and death. You rise with him to that harmonious conformity with the real and eternal order, that sense of pleasing God who trieth the hearts, which is life and peace, and which grows more and more till it becomes glory. If you suffer with him therefore, you shall also be glorified with him.

The real worth of this mystical conception depends on the fitness of the character and history of Christ for inspiring such an enthusiasm of attachment and devotion as that which Paul's notion of faith implies. If the character and history are eminently such as to inspire it, then Paul has no doubt found a mighty aid towards the attainment of that righteousness of which Christ's life afforded the admirable pattern. A great solicitude is always shown by popular Christianity to establish a radical difference between Christ and a teacher like Socrates. Ordinary theologians establish this difference by transcendental distinctions into which science cannot follow them. But what makes for science the radical difference between Jesus and Socrates, is that such a conception as Paul's would, if applied to Socrates, be out of place and ineffective. Socrates inspired boundless friendship and esteem; but the inspiration of reason and conscience is the one inspiration which comes from him, and which impels us to live righteously as he did. A penetrating enthusiasm of love, sympathy, pity, adoration, reinforcing the inspiration of reason and duty, does not belong to Socrates. With Jesus it is different. On this point it is needless to argue; history has proved. In the midst of errors the most prosaic, the most immoral, the most unscriptural, concerning God, Christ, and righteousness, the immense emotion of love and sympathy inspired by the person and character of Jesus has had to work almost by itself alone for righteousness; and it has worked wonders. The surpassing religious grandeur of Paul's conception of faith is that it seizes a real salutary emotional force of incalculable magnitude, and reinforces moral effort with it.

Paul's mystical conception is not complete without its relation of us to our fellow-men, as well as its relation of us to Christ. Whoever identifies himself with Christ, identifies himself with Christ's idea of the solidarity of men. The whole race is conceived as one body, having to die and rise with Christ, and forming by the joint action of its regenerate members the mystical body of Christ. Hence the truth of that which Bishop Wilson

says: "It is not so much our neighbour's interest as our own that we love him." Christ's life, with which we by faith identify ourselves, is not complete, his aspiration after the eternal order is not satisfied, so long as only Christ himself follows this order, or only this or that individual amongst us men follows it. The same law of emotion and sympathy, therefore, which prevails in our inward self-discipline, is to prevail in our dealings with others. The motions of sin in ourselves we succeed in mortifying, not by saying to ourselves that they are sinful, but by sympathy with Christ in his mortification of them. In like manner, our duties towards our neighbour we perform, not in deference to external commands and prohibitions, but through identifying ourselves with him, by sympathy with Christ who identified himself with him. Therefore, we owe no man anything but to love one another; and he who loves his neighbour fulfils the law towards him, because he seeks to do him good and forbears to do him harm just as if he was himself. Mr. Lecky cannot see that the command to speak the truth to one's neighbour is a command which has a natural sanction. But according to these Pauline ideas it has a clear natural sanction; for if my neighbour is merely an extension of myself, deceiving my neighbour is the same as deceiving myself; and than self-deceit there is nothing by nature more baneful. And on this ground Paul puts the injunction; he says: "Speak every man truth to his neighbour, *for* we are members one of another." This direction to identify ourselves in Christ with our neighbours is hard and startling, no doubt, like the direction to identify ourselves with Christ and die with him. But it is also, like that direction, inspiring; and not, like a set of mere mechanical commands and prohibitions, lifeless and unaiding. It shows a profound practical religious sense, and rests upon facts of human nature which experience can follow and appreciate.

The three essential terms of Pauline theology are not, therefore, as popular theology makes them: *calling, justification, sanctification*; they are rather these: *dying with Christ, resurrection from the dead, growing into Christ*.* The order in which these terms are placed indicates, what we have already pointed out elsewhere, the true Pauline sense of the expression, *resurrection from the dead*. In Paul's ideas the expression has no essential connection with physical death. It is true, popular theology connects it with this almost exclusively, and regards any other use of it as purely figurative and secondary. For popular theology, Christ's resurrection is his bodily resurrection on earth after his physical death on the cross; the believer's resurrection is his bodily resurrection in a future world, the golden city of our hymns and of the Apocalypse. For this theology, the force of Christ's resurrection is that it is a miracle which guarantees the promised future miracle of our own resurrection. It is a common remark with Biblical critics, even with able and candid Biblical

* ἀποθάνειν σὺν Χριστῷ, Col. ii. 20; ἑγανάστασις ἐκ νεκρῶν, Phil. iii. 11; ἀξίωσις εἰς Χριστόν, Eph. iv. 15.

critics, that Christ's resurrection, in this sense of a physical miracle, is the central object of Paul's thoughts and the foundation of all his theology. Nay, the preoccupation with this idea has altered the very text of our documents; so that whereas Paul wrote, "Christ died and lived," we read, "Christ died and rose again and revived." But whoever has carefully followed Paul's line of thought as we have endeavoured to trace it, will see that in his mature theology, as the Epistle to the Romans exhibits it, it cannot be this physical and miraculous aspect of the resurrection which holds the first place in his mind; for under this aspect the resurrection does not fit in with the ideas which he is developing.

Not for a moment do we deny that in Paul's earlier theology, and notably in the Epistles to the Thessalonians and Corinthians, the physical and miraculous aspect of the resurrection, both Christ's and the believer's, is primary and predominant. Not for a moment do we deny that to the end of his life, after the Epistle to the Romans, after the Epistle to the Philippians, if he had been asked whether he held the doctrine of the resurrection in its physical and miraculous sense, as well as in his own spiritual and mystical sense, he would have replied with entire conviction that he did. Very likely it would have been impossible to him to imagine his theology without it. But,

Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we *say* we *feel*—below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we *feel*—there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep,
The central stream of what we *feel* indeed;

and by this alone are we truly characterized. Paul's originality lies in the effort to make the significance of all the processes, however mystical, of the religious life, palpable even to the intellect, with a view of strengthening, in this way, their hold upon us and their command of all our nature. Sooner or later he was sure to be drawn to treat the process of resurrection with this endeavour. He did so treat it; and what is original and essential in him is his doing so.

Paul's conception of life and death inevitably came to govern his conception of resurrection. What, indeed, as we have seen, is for Paul life, and what is death? Not the ordinary physical life and death;—death, for him, is living after the flesh, obedience to sin; life is mortifying by the spirit the deeds of the flesh, obedience to righteousness. Resurrection, in its essential sense, is therefore for Paul, the rising, within the sphere of our visible earthly existence, from death in this sense to life in this sense. It is indubitable that, so far as the human believer's resurrection is concerned, this is so; else how could Paul say to the Colossians, (to take only one out of a hundred clear texts showing the same thing): "*If ye then have risen with Christ, seek the things that are above.*" But when Paul repeats again and again, in the Epistle to the Romans, that the matter of our faith is "that God raised Jesus from the dead," the essential meaning of this resurrection, also, is just the same. Real

life for Paul, begins with the mystical death which frees us from the dominion of the external shalls and shall nots of the law.* From the moment, therefore, Christ was content to do God's will, he died. Paul's point is, that Christ in his earthly existence obeyed the law of the spirit and bore fruit to God, and that the believer should, in his earthly existence, do the same. That Christ "died to sin," that he "pleased not himself," and that, consequently, through all his life here, he was risen and living to God, is what occupies Paul. Christ's physical resurrection after he was crucified is neither in point of time nor in point of character the resurrection on which Paul, following his essential line of thought, wanted to fix the believer's mind. The resurrection Paul was striving after for himself and others was a resurrection *now* and a resurrection to *righteousness*. But Christ's obeying God and not pleasing himself culminated in his death on the cross; and the self-sacrificing obedience of his whole life, which was summed up in this great, final act, is, therefore, constantly regarded by Paul under the figure of this final act, as is also the believer's conformity to Christ's obedience. The believer is crucified with Christ when he mortifies by the spirit the deeds of unrighteousness; Christ was crucified when he pleased not himself, and came to do not his own will but God's.

It is the same with life as with death; it turns on no physical event, but on that central concern of Paul's thoughts, righteousness. If we have the spirit of Christ we live, as he did, by the spirit, "serve the spirit of God," † and follow the eternal order; the spirit of God, the spirit of Christ is the same,—the one eternal moral order. If we are led by the spirit of God we are the sons of God, and share with Christ the heritage of the sons of God,—eternal life, peace, felicity, glory. The spirit, therefore, is life *because of righteousness*. And when, through identifying ourselves with Christ, we reach Christ's righteousness, then eternal life begins for us;—a continuous and ascending life, for the eternal order never dies, and the more we transform ourselves into servants of righteousness and organs of the eternal order, the more we are and desire to be this eternal order and nothing else. Even in this life we are "seated in heavenly places," as Christ is; so entirely, for Paul, is righteousness the true life and the true heaven. But the transformation cannot be completed here; the physical death is regarded by Paul as a stage at which it ceases to be impeded. However, at this stage we quit, as he himself says, the ground of experience and enter upon the ground of hope. But, by a sublime analogy, he fetches from the travail of the whole universe proof of the necessity and beneficence of the law of transformation. Christ entered into his glory when he had made his physical death itself a crowning witness to his obedience to righteousness; we, in like manner, within the limits of this earthly life and before we

* See Rom. vii. 1-6.

† According to the true reading in Phil. iii. 3.

have yet persevered to the end, must not look for full adoption, for the glorious revelation in us of the sons of God.

That Paul, as we have said, accepted the physical miracle of Christ's resurrection and ascension as a part of the signs and wonders which accompanied Christianity, there can be no doubt. Just in the same manner he accepted the eschatology, as it is called, of his nation,—their doctrine of the final things and of the summons by a trumpet in the sky to judgment; he accepted Satan, hierarchies of angels, and an approaching end of the world. What we deny is, that his acceptance of the former gives his teaching its essential characters, any more than his acceptance of the latter. We should but be continuing, with strict logical development, Paul's essential line of thought, if we said that the true ascension and glorified reign of Christ was the triumph and reign of his spirit, his real life, far more operative after his death on the cross than before it; and that in this sense most truly he and all who persevere to the end as he did are "sown in weakness but raised in power." Paul himself, however, did not distinctly continue his thought thus, and neither will we do so for him. How far Paul himself knew that he had gone in his irresistible bent to find, for each of the data of his religion, that side of moral and spiritual significance which, as a mere sign and wonder, it had not and could not have;—what data he himself was conscious of having transferred, through following this bent, from the first rank in importance to the second;—we cannot know with any certainty. That the bent existed, that Paul felt it existed, and that it establishes a wide difference between the earliest epistles and the latest, is beyond question. Already, in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, he declares that, "though he had henceforth known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth he knew him so no more;" and in the Epistle to the Romans, accordingly, he rejects the notion of dwelling on the miraculous Christ, of the descent into hell, and of the ascent into heaven, and fixes the believer's attention solely on the spirit of Christ and on the effects produced by an acquaintance with it. In the same epistle, in like manner, the kingdom of God, of which to the Thessalonians he described the advent in such materializing and popularly Judaic language, has become "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the holy Spirit."

These ideas, we repeat, may never have excluded others, which absorbed the most part of Paul's contemporaries as they absorb popular religion at this day. To popular religion, the real kingdom of God is the New Jerusalem with its jaspers and emeralds; righteousness and peace and joy are only the kingdom of God figuratively. The real sitting in heavenly places is the sitting on thrones in a land of pure delight after we are dead; serving the spirit of God is only sitting in heavenly places figuratively. Science exactly reverses this process; for science, the spiritual notion is the real one, the material notion is figurative. The astonishing greatness of Paul is that, coming when and where and whence he did, he yet grasped the spiritual notion, if not exclusively and fully, yet firmly and predominantly; more and more predominantly through all the last years of his life. And

what makes him original and himself is not what he shares with his contemporaries and with modern popular religion, but this which he develops of his own; and this which he develops of his own is just of a nature to make his religion a theology instead of a theurgy, and at bottom a scientific instead of a non-scientific structure. "Die and re-exist!" says Goethe,—an unsuspected witness, certainly, to the psychological and scientific profoundness of Paul's conception of life and death:—"Die and re-exist! for so long as this is not accomplished, thou art but a troubled guest upon an earth of gloom." *

The [three cardinal points in Paul's theology are not therefore, we repeat, those commonly assigned by Puritanism, *calling, justification, sanctification*; they are these: *dying with Christ, resurrection from the dead, growing into Christ*. And we will venture, moreover, to affirm that the more the Epistle to the Romans is read and re-read with a clear mind, the more will the conviction strengthen, that the sense indicated by the order in which we here class the second main term of Paul's conception, is the essential sense which Paul himself attaches to this term, in every single place where in that epistle he has used it. Not tradition and not theory, but a simple impartial study of the development of Paul's central line of thought, brings us to the conclusion, that from the very outset of the epistle, where Paul speaks of Christ as "declared to be the son of God with power according to the spirit of holiness by resurrection from the dead," to the very end, the essential sense in which Paul uses the term *resurrection* is that of a rising, in this visible earthly existence, from the death of obedience to blind selfish impulse, to the life of obedience to the eternal moral order;—in Christ's case first, as the pattern for us to follow; in the believer's case afterwards, as following Christ's pattern through identifying himself with him.

We have thus reached Paul's fundamental conception without even a glimpse of the fundamental conceptions of Puritanism, which, nevertheless, professes to have learnt its doctrine from St. Paul and from his Epistle to the Romans. Once, for a moment, the term *faith* brought us in contact with the doctrine of Puritanism, but only to see that the essential sense given to this word by Paul, Puritanism had missed entirely. Other parts, then, of the Epistle to the Romans than those by which we have been occupied must have chiefly fixed the attention of Puritanism. And so it has in truth been. Yet the parts of the Epistle to the Romans that have occupied us are undoubtedly the parts which not our own theories and inclinations, for we have approached the matter without any, but an impartial criticism of Paul's real line of thought must elevate as the most important. If a somewhat pedantic form of expression may be forgiven for the sake of clearness, we may say that of the eleven first chapters of

* *Stirb und werde!*
Denn so lang du das nicht hast,
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunkeln Erde.

the Epistle to the Romans,—the chapters which convey Paul's theology, though not, as we have seen, with any scholastic purpose or in any formal scientific mode of exposition,—of these eleven chapters, the first, second, and third are, in a scale of importance fixed by a scientific criticism of Paul's line of thought, sub-primary; the fourth and fifth are secondary; the sixth and eighth are primary; the seventh chapter is sub-primary; the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters are secondary. Furthermore, to the contents of the separate chapters themselves this scale must be carried on, so far as to mark that of the two great primary chapters, the sixth and the eighth, the eighth is primary down only to the end of the twenty-eighth verse; from thence to the end it is, however eloquent, yet for the purpose of a scientific criticism of Paul's essential theology, only secondary. The first chapter is to the Gentiles;—its purport is: You have not righteousness. The second is to the Jews;—its purport is: No more have you, though you think you have. The third chapter announces faith in Christ as the one source of righteousness for all men. The fourth chapter gives to the notion of righteousness through faith the sanction of the Old Testament and of the history of Abraham. The fifth insists on the causes for thankfulness and exultation in the boon of righteousness through faith in Christ; and applies illustratively, with this design, the history of Adam. The sixth chapter comes to the all-important question, "What is that faith in Christ which I, Paul, mean?" and answers it. The seventh illustrates and explains the answer. But the eighth, down to the end of the twenty-eighth verse, develops and completes the answer. The rest of the eighth chapter expresses the sense of safety and gratitude which the solution is fitted to inspire. The ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters uphold the second chapter's thesis,—so hard to a Jew, so easy to us,—that righteousness is not by the Jewish law; but dwell with hope and joy on a final result of things which is to be favourable to Israel.

We shall be pardoned this somewhat formal analysis in consideration of the clearness with which it enables us to survey the Puritan scheme of original sin, predestination, and justification. The historical transgression of Adam occupies, it will be observed, in Paul's ideas by no means the primary, fundamental, all-important place which it holds in the ideas of Puritanism. "This is our original sin, the bitter root of all our actual transgressions, in thought, word, and deed." Ah, no! Paul did not go to the Book of Genesis for his authentic information on this head. He went to experience for it. "*I see*," he says, "a law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity." This is the essential testimony respecting the rise of sin to Paul,—this rise of it in his own heart and in the heart of all the men who hear him. At quite a later stage in his conception of the religious life, in quite a subordinate capacity, and for the mere purpose of illustration, comes in the allusion to Adam and to what is called original sin. Paul's desire for righteousness has carried him to Christ and to the conception of the righteousness which is of God by faith, and he is expressing his gratitude,

delight, wonder, at the boon he has discovered. For the purpose of exalting it he reverts to the well-known story of Adam. It cannot even be said that Paul Judaizes in his use here of this story; so entirely does he subordinate it to his purpose of illustration, using it just as he might have used it had he believed, which undoubtedly he did not, that it was merely a symbolical legend, though a very primitive and profound one, as well as perfectly familiar to himself and his hearers. "Think," he says, "how in Adam's fall one man's one transgression involved all men in a punishment; then estimate the blessedness of our boon in Christ, where one man's one righteousness involves a world of transgressors in blessing!" This is not a scientific doctrine of corruption inherited through Adam's fall; it is a rhetorical use of Adam's fall in a passing allusion to it.

We come to predestination. We have seen how Paul's consciousness of the power in which we live and move and have our being was twofold. He conceived this divine power, and with profound truth, as not only the fountain of morals and reason, but also as the fountain of life and affection. He thus rested on the thought of God as a creator, sustainer, father, as well as on the thought of him as a moral lawgiver and judge. "The Lord is righteous in all his ways." But not only so. Also, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He opens his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The power and originality of Paul's theology consists in his making these two notions combine for a religious result. What man could not do by the warnings of God the judge, he does, in Paul's theology, by the inspiration of God the creator and father. What he could not do through the power of reason and duty, he does through the power of sympathy and emotion. This is grace, this is the free gift of God, who gives abundantly beyond all that we ask or think, and calls things that are not as though they were. The sense of life, peace, and joy, which comes through identification with Christ, brings with it a deep and grateful consciousness that this sense is none of our own getting and making. "It is not of him that willeth or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." As moral agents, for whom alone exist all the predicaments of merit and demerit, praise and blame, effort and failure, vice and virtue, we are impotent and lost;—we are saved through our affections, it is as sentient beings we are saved! Well might Paul cry out, as this mystical but profound and beneficent conception filled his soul: "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Well might he say, in the gratitude which cannot find words enough to express its sense of boundless favour, that those who reached peace with God through identification with Christ were vessels of mercy, marked from endless ages; that they had been fore-known, predestinated, called, justified, glorified.

It may be regretted, for the sake of the clear understanding of his essential doctrine, that Paul did not stop here. It might seem as if the word, "*prothesis*," *purpose*, lured him on into speculative mazes, and in-

volved him, at last, in an embarrassment, from which he impatiently tore himself by the harsh unedifying image of the clay and the potter. But this is not so. These allurements of speculation, which have been fatal to so many of his interpreters, never mastered Paul. He was led into difficulty by the tendency which we have already noticed as making his real imperfection both as a thinker and as a writer,—the tendency to Judaize. Already, in the fourth chapter, this tendency had led him to seem to rest his doctrine of justification by faith upon the case of Abraham, whereas, in truth, it needs all the good will in the world, and some effort of ingenuity, even to bring the case of Abraham within the operation of this doctrine. That righteousness is life, that all men by themselves fail of righteousness, that only through identification with Christ can they reach it,—these propositions, for us at any rate, prove themselves much better than they are proved by the thesis that Abraham in old age believed God's promise that his seed should yet be as the stars for multitude, and that this was counted to him for righteousness. The sanction thus apparently given to the idea that faith is a mere belief, or opinion of the mind, has put thousands of Paul's readers on a false track. But Paul's dealings with Abraham did not end here. To establish his doctrine of righteousness by faith, he had to eradicate the notion that the Jews were specially privileged, and that, having the Mosaic law, they did not need anything farther. For us, this one verse of the tenth chapter : *There is no difference between Jew and Greek, for it is the same Lord of all, who is rich to all that call upon him*—and these four words of another verse : *For righteousness, heart-faith necessary!*—effect far more for Paul's object than his three chapters bristling with Old Testament quotations. By quotation, however, he was to proceed, in order to invest his doctrine with the talismanic virtues of a verbal sanction from the law and the prophets. He shows, therefore, that the law and the prophets had said that only a remnant, an *elect remnant*, of Israel should be saved, and that the rest should be blinded. But to say that peace with God through Christ inspires such an abounding sense of gratitude, and of its not being our work, that we can only speak of ourselves as *called* and *chosen* to it, is one thing ; in so speaking, we are on the ground of personal experience. But to say that God has blinded and reprobated other men, so that they shall not reach this blessing, is to quit the ground of personal experience, and to begin employing the magnified and non-natural man in the next street. We then require, in order to account for his proceedings, such an analogy as that of the clay and the potter. This is Calvinism, and St. Paul undoubtedly falls into it. But the important thing to remark is, that this Calvinism, which with the Calvinist is primary, is with Paul secondary, or even less than secondary. What with Calvinists is their fundamental idea, the centre of their theology, is for Paul an idea added to his central ideas, and extraneous to them ; brought in incidentally, and due to the necessities of a bad mode of recommending and enforcing his thesis. It is as if Newton had introduced into his exposition of the law of gravitation an incidental statement, perhaps

erroneous, about light or colours; and we were then to make ^{this} statement the head and front of Newton's law. The theological idea of reprobation was an idea of Jewish theology as of ours, an idea familiar to Paul and a part of his training, an idea which probably he never consciously abandoned. But its complete secondariness in him is clearly established by other considerations than those which we have drawn from the place and manner of his introduction of it. The very phrase about the clay and the potter is not Paul's own; he does but repeat a stock theological figure. Jeremiah had said, in the Lord's name, to Israel, "Behold, as the clay in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." And the son of Sirach comes yet nearer to Paul's very words: "As the clay is in the potter's hand to fashion it at his pleasure, so man is in the hand of him that made him, to render to them as liketh him best." Is an original man's essential, characteristic idea, that which he adopts thus bodily from some one else? But take Paul's truly essential idea. "We are buried with Christ through baptism into death, that like as he was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Did Jeremiah say that? Is any one the author of it except Paul? Then there should Calvinism have looked for Paul's secret, and not in the commonplace about the potter and the vessels of wrath. A commonplace which is so entirely a commonplace to him, that he contradicts it even while he is Judaizing; for in the very batch of chapters we are discussing he says: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Still more clear is, on this point, his real mind, when he is not Judaizing: "God is the saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." And anything, finally, which might seem dangerous in the grateful sense of a calling, choosing, and leading by eternal goodness,—a notion as natural as the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination is monstrous,—Paul abundantly supplies in more than one striking passage; as, for instance, in that incomparable third chapter of the Philippians (from which, and from the sixth and eighth chapters of the Romans, Paul's whole theology, if all his other writings were lost, might be reconstructed), where he expresses his humble consciousness that the mystical resurrection which is his aim, glory, and salvation, he does not yet, and cannot, completely attain.

The grand doctrine, then, which Calvinistic Puritanism has gathered from Paul, turns out to be a secondary notion of his, which he himself, too, has contradicted or corrected. But, at any rate, "Christ meritoriously obtained eternal redemption for us." We rely entirely, as the quarterly organ of Puritanism has just told us in its hundredth number, on "the sacrificial Atonement of the Divine Son of God." God, his justice being satisfied by Christ's bearing according to compact our guilt and dying in our stead, is appeased and set free to exercise towards us his mercy, and to justify and sanctify us in consideration of Christ's righteousness imputed to us, if we give our hearty belief and consent to the satisfaction thus made. This hearty belief being given, "we rest," to use the consecrated expression already quoted, "in the finished work of a Saviour."

JUSTI-
FICA-
TION.

This is now, as predestination formerly was, the favourite thesis of popular theology. And, like the doctrine of predestination, it professes to be specially derived from St. Paul.

But whoever has followed attentively the main line of St. Paul's theology, as we have tried to show it, will see at once that in St. Paul's essential ideas this popular notion of a substitution, a sacrifice, and an imputation of alien merit, has no place. Paul knows nothing of a sacrificial atonement; what Paul knows of is a reconciling sacrifice. The real substitution, for Paul, is not the substitution of Christ in men's stead as victim on the cross to God's offended justice; it is the substitution by which the believer, in his own person, repeats Christ's dying to sin. Paul says, in real truth, to our Puritans with their magical and mechanical salvation, just what he said to the men of circumcision: "*If I preach resting in the finished work of a Saviour, why am I yet persecuted? why do I die daily? then is the stumbling-block of the cross annulled.*" That hard, that well-nigh impossible doctrine that our whole course must be a crucifixion and a resurrection, even as Christ's whole course was a crucifixion and a resurrection, becomes superfluous. Yet this is my central doctrine."

The notion of God, as a magnified and non-natural man, appeased by a sacrifice, and remitting, in consideration of it, his wrath against those who had offended him,—this notion of God, which science repels, was equally repelled, in spite of all that his nation, time, and training had in them to favour it, by the profound religious sense of Paul. In none of his epistles is the reconciling work of Christ really presented under this aspect. One great epistle there is which does present it under this aspect,—the Epistle to the Hebrews. If other proof were wanting, this alone would make it impossible that the Epistle to the Hebrews should be Paul's; and indeed of all the epistles which bear his name, it is the only one which may not, in spite of the hesitation caused by some difficulties, be finally attributed to him. The Epistle to the Hebrews is full of beauty and power; and what may be called the exterior conduct of its argument is as able and satisfying as Paul's exterior conduct of his argument is generally embarrassed. Its details are full of what is edifying; but its central conception of Christ's death, as a perfect sacrifice which consummated the imperfect sacrifices of the Jewish law, is a mere notion of the understanding, and is not a religious idea. The tradition which ascribes to Apollos the Epistle to the Hebrews derives corroboration from the one account of him which we have; that "he was an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." The Epistle to the Hebrews is just such a performance as might naturally have come from an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures, and in whom the intelligence and the powers of combining, type-establishing, and expounding, somewhat dominated the religious perceptions. Turn it which way you will, the notion of vicarious sacrifice, which the Epistle to the Hebrews delivers, will never truly speak to the religious sense, or bear fruit for true religion. It is no blame to

Apollos if he was led astray by this notion of vicarious sacrifice, for the whole world was full of it, up to his time, in his time, and since his time; and it has driven theologians before it like sheep. The wonder is, not that Apollos should have adopted it, but that Paul should have been enabled, through the incomparable power and energy of religious perception informing his intellectual perception, steadily to put it aside. Figures drawn from this dominant notion he used, for it has so saturated the imagination and language of humanity that its figures pass naturally and irresistibly into all our speech; popular Puritanism consists of the notion from the Epistle to the Hebrews set forth with Paul's figures. But the notion itself Paul had put aside, and had substituted for it a better.

The term *sacrifice* contains three notions: the notion of winning the favour or buying off the wrath of a powerful being by giving him something precious; the notion of parting with something precious; and the notion of expiation, not in the sense of buying off wrath or satisfying a claim, but of suffering in that wherein we have sinned. The first notion is, at bottom, merely superstitious, and belongs to the ignorant and fear-ridden childhood of humanity; it is the main element, however, in the Puritan conception of justification. The second notion explains itself; it is the main element in the Pauline conception of justification. The third notion may easily be misdealt with, but it has a profound truth; something of it has no doubt made its way into the Puritan conception of justification, and inspires whatever in that conception is true and wholesome; in Paul's conception of justification there is much of it. Christ parted with what, to men in general, is the most precious of things,—individual self and selfishness; he pleased not himself, obeyed the spirit of God, died to sin and to the law in our members, consummated upon the cross this death; that is Paul's essential notion of Christ's sacrifice. This proceeding "*condemned sin in the flesh*;" that notion, also, is very present along with the other to Paul's mind. Through the solidarity of men, eminent suffering, by an eminent person, becomes representative; therefore, in that death of Christ to selfish impulse which his crucifixion crowns and symbolizes, the race solemnly suffers wherein the race had sinned, and condemns that wherein it had sinned. This is the expiatory aspect of Christ's death for the imagination; its expiatory aspect from a moral point of view is that such a solemn and dolorous condemnation of sin does actually loosen sin's hold and attraction upon us who regard it,—makes it easier for us to die to sin.*

Christ's sacrifice, and the condemnation of sin it contained, was made for us while we were yet sinners; it was made irrespectively of our power or inclination to sympathize with it and appreciate it. Yet, even thus,

* The first aspect is presented in Gal. iii. 13; the second in Gal. i. 4. In the first aspect Christ is the *ἀντίλυτρον* or ransom; in the second, the *μαρτύριον* or witness. Popular theology prefers to regard him as the *ἀντίλυτρον*; Paul preferred to regard him as the *μαρτύριον*,—the *testimony*, in his life and in his death, to the power and goodness of God.

the sacrifice reconciled us to God, to the eternal order; for it contained the means, the only possible means, of our being brought into harmony with this order. Christ, however, was delivered for our sins while we were yet sinners. But presently the influence of the pregnant act gains us. Then come the sympathy for the act and the appreciation of it, which its doer never regarded; faith in him enters into us, masters us. We identify ourselves with him; we repeat, through the power of this identification, his death to the law of the flesh and self-pleasing, his condemnation of sin in the flesh; the death how imperfectly, the condemnation how remorsefully! But we rise with him to life, the only true life, of imitation of God, of putting on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, of following the eternal law of the moral order which by ourselves we could not follow. Then God justifies us; we have the righteousness of God and the sense of having it; we are freed from the oppressing sense of eternal order guiltily outraged and sternly retributive; we act in joyful conformity with God's will, instead of in miserable rebellion to it; we are in harmony with the universal order, and feel that we are in harmony with it. If, then, Christ was delivered for our sins, he was raised for our justification. If by his death we were reconciled to God, by the means being thus provided for our else impossible access to God, much more, when we have availed ourselves of these means and died with him, are we saved by his life of which we partake. Henceforward we are not only justified but sanctified; not only in harmony with the eternal order and at peace with God, but consecrated* and unalterably devoted to them; and from this devotion comes an ever-growing union with God in Christ, an advance, as St. Paul says, from glory to glory.

This is Paul's conception of Christ's sacrifice. His figures of ransom, redemption, propitiation, blood, offering, all attach themselves to his central idea of *identification with Christ through dying with him*, and are strictly subservient to it. This language of Paul's has its own beauty and propriety; it is imaginative language; there is no need for turning it, as Puritanism has done, into the methodical language of the schools. But if it is to be turned into methodical language, then it is the language into which we have translated it that translates it truly.

We have seen how it fares with one of the two great tenets which Puritanism has extracted from St. Paul, the tenet of predestination. We now see how it fares with the other, the tenet of justification. Paul's figures our Puritans have taken literally, while for his central idea they have substituted another which is not his. And his central idea they have turned into a figure, and have let it almost disappear out of their mind. His essential idea lost, his figures misused, an idea essentially not his substituted for his,—the unedifying patchwork thus made, Puritanism

* The endless words which Puritanism has wasted upon *sanctification*, a magical filling with goodness and holiness, flow from a mere mistake in translating; *ἀγιασμός* means *consecration*, a setting apart to holy service.

has stamped with Paul's name, and called *the gospel*. It thunders at Romanism for not preaching it, it casts off Anglicanism for not setting it forth alone and unreservedly, it founds organizations of its own to give full effect to it; these organizations guide politics, govern statesmen, destroy institutions;—and they are based upon a blunder!

It is to Protestantism, and this its Puritan gospel, that the reproaches thrown on St. Paul, for shutting up religion of the heart into theories of the head about election and justification, rightly attach. St. Paul himself, as we have seen, begins with seeking righteousness and ends with finding it; from first to last, the practical religious sense never deserts him. If he could have seen and heard our preachers of predestination and justification, they are just the people he would have called "diseased about questions and word-batlings." He would have told Puritanism that every Sunday, when in all its countless chapels it reads him and preaches from him, the veil is upon its heart. The moment it reads him right, a veil will seem to be taken away from its heart, it will feel as though scales were fallen from its eyes.

But leaving Puritanism and its errors, let us turn again for a moment, before we end, to the glorious apostle who has occupied us so long. He died, and mankind's familiar fancies of appeasement and vicarious sacrifice, from which, by a prodigy of religious insight, Paul had been able to disengage the death of Christ, rushed over it and made it their own. Back rolled upon the human soul the mist which the fires of Paul's spiritual genius had dispersed for a few short years. The mind of the whole world was imbrued in the idea of blood, and only through the false idea of sacrifice did they reach Paul's true one. Paul's idea of dying with Christ the *Imitation* elevates more conspicuously than any Protestant treatise elevates it; but it elevates it environed and enfolded with the idea of appeasement,—of the magnified and non-natural man wrath-filled and blood-exacting, the human victim adding his peculiar sufferings to those of the divine. Meanwhile another danger was preparing. Gifted men had brought to the study of St. Paul the habits of the Greek and Roman schools, and philosophized where Paul Orientalized. Augustine, a great genius, who can doubt it?—nay, a great religious genius, but unlike Paul in this, and inferior to him, that he confused the boundaries of metaphysics and religion,* which Paul never did,—Augustine set the example of finding in Paul's eastern speech, just as it stood, the formal propositions of western dialectics. Last came the interpreter in whose slowly relaxing grasp we still lie,—the heavy-handed Protestant Philistine. Sincere, gross of perception, prosaic, he saw in Paul's mystical idea of man's

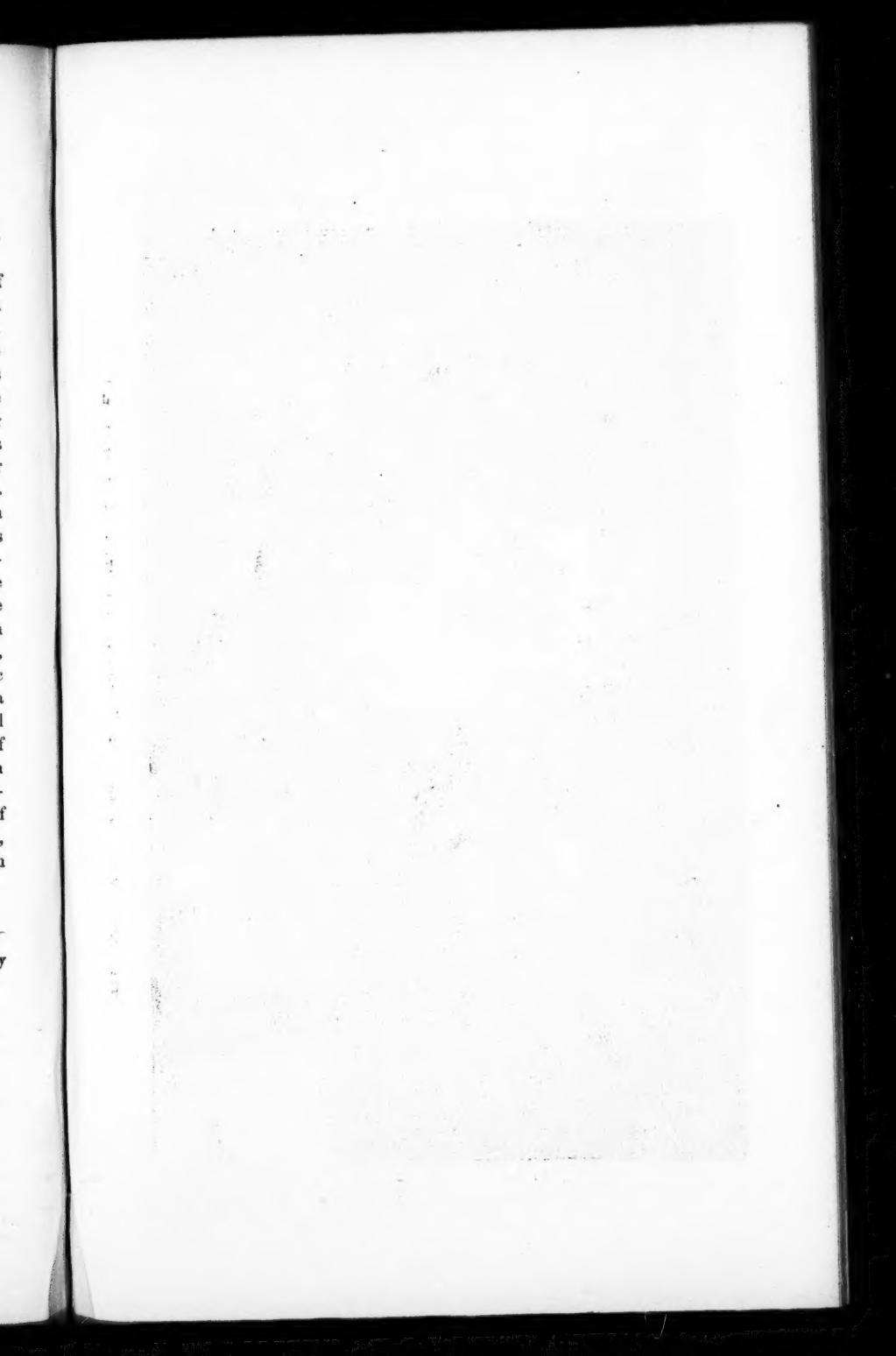
* Compare Paul's "blessed and only potentate, king of kings, and lord of lords who only hath immortality, dwelling in light, unapproachable," with Augustine's "Deum sine quantitate magnum, sine qualitate bonum, sine tempore sempiternum, sine morte vitam, sine infirmitate fortem, sine mendacio verum, sine situ ubique presentem, sine loco ubique totum," &c. The works of this great saint are encumbered with too many pages of such elaborate futilities.

investiture with the righteousness of God nothing but a strict legal transaction, and reserved all his imagination for Hell and the New Jerusalem and his foretaste of them. A so-called Pauline scheme was in every one's mouth ; but the ideas of the true Paul lay lost and buried.

Every one who has been at Rome has been taken to see the Church of St. Paul, rebuilt after a destruction by fire forty years ago. The church stands a mile or two out of the city, on the way to Ostia and the desert. The interior has all the costly magnificence of Italian churches ; on the ceiling is written in gilded letters, "*Doctor Gentium.*" Gold glitters and marbles gleam, but man and his movement are not there. The traveller has left at a distance the *fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ* ; around him reigns solitude. There is Paul, with the mystery which was hid from ages and from generations, which was manifested by him for some half score years, and which then was buried with him in his grave. Not in our day will he relive, with his incessant effort to spiritualize, with his incessant effort to make the intellect follow and secure the religious perception in all its workings. Of those who care for religion, the multitude of us want the materialism of the Apocalypse ; the few want a vague religiosity. Science, which more and more teaches us to find in the unapparent the real, will gradually serve to conquer the materialism of popular religion. The friends of vague religiosity, on the other hand, will be more and more taught by experience that a theology, a scientific appreciation of the facts of religion,* is wanted for religion ; but a theology which is a true theology, not a false. Both these influences will work for Paul's re-emergence. The doctrine of Paul will arise out of the tomb where for centuries it has lain covered ; it will edify the church of the future ; it will have the consent of happier generations, the applause of less superstitious ages. All, all will be too little to pay half the debt which the church of God owes to this "least of the apostles, who was not fit to be called an apostle, because he persecuted the church of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

* This excellent definition is Monsieur Reuss's, whose book I have already mentioned.





"THERE'S LITTLE CHANGE. I'M GLAD TO SEE, PATTERSON, EITHER ABOUT YOU OR THE PLACE."

Against Time.

CHAPTER IV.

EX TENEBRIS LUX.



It was on a Thursday that Purkiss Childersleigh's affectionate feelings experienced that shock in Harley Street. It was on the night of the Monday following that the delayed telegram reached Hugh at Homburg; and Wednesday morning saw him crossing from Calais. For six-and-thirty hours before, south-westerly gales had swept the channel, and, although the wind had lulled, the waters flung back off the coast of Holland were still tossing and surging in the narrow seas. The packet had cleared the long piers, and was tearing and pitching through the heavy swell. Wreaths of cloud

were driving over the dull grey sky; and the rays of the watery moon, and the brighter lamps on Cape Gris Nez, cast their dim fitful light on the tumbling seas. A faint cold streak began to glimmer in the east, and it was as cheerless an hour and weather for a dismal voyage as could well be conceived. Notwithstanding the recent storm, the fogs hung in damp masses on the French cliffs, and from the deck you saw nothing but the leaden waves with their crests of seething foam, and here and there a forlorn-looking craft now tossing high on the swell of the seas, now rolling to the yards in their trough. As for the packet, the forecastle was oftener below the water than above, as the figurehead went plunging through the porpoises that cut their capers before the bows. Aft of the paddles, the deck was ceaselessly swept in blinding clouds of spray, while every now and then an armful of water was flung on to the decks with a heavy thud, drenching each living thing that happened to be in its way, and keeping their planks for the most part flooded ankle-deep.

The greater part of the passengers were English, but it was scarcely to be wondered at that on such a morning most of them should prefer to brave the horrors of the middle passage in the stifling cabin. There, reposing on horsehair sofas, or balanced on precarious camp-stools, they had an

"THERE'S LITTLE CHANGE, I'M GLAD TO SEE, PATTERSON, EITHER ABOUT YOU OR THE PLACE."

opportunity of regaling eyes and palates with the underdone beef and the greasy ham, the heavy stout and the acid ale that are Britain's outworks against the invasion of the foreigner. Childersleigh, who thought differently, found no one to dispute with him the least wet corner in one of the covered seats below the gangway. There he seated himself with a splash, cowering inside his thin summer cloak and a railway-rug; done up over all in one of the tarpaulin cloaks provided by the company, made fast to him by the bits of string that did duty for absent buttons, and crackling at each movement like a badly done-up paper parcel.

Since leaving Frankfort he had thought of little but the new future that was opening for him. When he stepped on board the packet mind and body were jaded alike; but there are natures on which free air and wild movement act at once like sedatives and tonics: soothing the brain, bracing the fancy, waking slumbering recollections, and sending coursing through the mind the thoughts that come unbidden, and arrange themselves without an effort. As he kept his eyes dreamily on the rugged clouds that went streaming past overhead, a series of changing views from his past rose rapidly before him, each, as it brought him nearer to the present, showing in harsher outlines and more repelling colours.

His childhood passed at Childersleigh, so sombre without and within, with its black oak panelling and deep-bayed windows, its dark yew hedges and shadowy avenues, its black reaches of water sleeping below the weeping ashes; but all brightened to him by the pervading presence of the mistress that made its sunshine. The dismal day when the sunshine was overcast; when the familiar face lay pale and still; when his cry of grief fell on heedless ears, and his tears flowed without being kissed away; the hushed rooms, the drawn blinds, and the bated breath; till, in blank loneliness, he stood by an open grave in the chancel of Childersleigh Church, and knew his loss as he stifled his sobs in the cold bosom of Dame Elizabeth Childersleigh, who knelt in stone by the great tomb before the altar.

His boyhood. When home from school, for one week at Childersleigh he used to pass three at Rushbrook with his uncle, Lord Hestercombe; when his father, always glad to see him and never sorry to lose him, used to let him do very much as he pleased; and when what pleased him most were gallops in the green lanes, scrambling his ponies down crumbling banks, and flying them at places where there was a fair chance of coming to grief; with razzias on the hot-houses and escalades of the rookery; fighting with his cousin Rushbrook and making it up; quarrelling with his cousin Alice, kissing and being friends again. That chapter, too, closed with another funeral, and another opening of the grave in the chancel. It left him utterly orphaned; and taking his bereavement this time much more easily than before, and quite aware he was the master of Childersleigh.

His youth, under the guardianship of Lord Hestercombe and his distant relative Sir Basil. Eton and Cambridge, long visits to Rushbrook, shorter

and less frequent ones to Hampstead, where he liked and patronized George Childersleigh the son and heir, and tried much less successfully to pet the dignified little Maude, and where he came to hate Purkiss with a perfect hatred. Extravagances and duns, and warnings that he was not a rich man, and a coming of age to find himself with his mother's money partly anticipated, and Childersleigh dipped so deep as to all intents and purposes to be lost to him.

His manhood. When Lord Hestercombe put him into the diplomatic service, and, strong at the Foreign Office, would have pushed him there; when the eccentric Miss Childersleigh took him up, and giving him welcome cheques, and abstaining from unwelcome advice, persuaded him to quit the service of his country, when by some mishap it claimed his duty at Buenos Ayres. Balls, flirtations, bets, play, shooting-lodges, hunting-boxes, something bordering on *la vie orageuse* at home and abroad; money melting away, difficulties looming up; an ill-assured, false position buttressed by hope; growing remorse for wasted opportunities, and an objectless life cut short by that summons at Homburg.

Had it come too late for him? that was the question that was troubling him now. Was wealth, and what it brought with it, in time to divorce him from the refined Bohemianism to which he had become wedded, to wean him from the eclectic philosophy caricatured from the worst crotchets of cynics and epicureans, that, as he felt, was growing on him so fast?

The moon was banked up in clouds, the light from Cape Gris Nez lost itself in the fogs; the raw air was searching him to the marrow; the ceaseless bath of brine, stealing down within his collar in cold greasy streams, was drenching him to the skin; the deepening darkness was casting its shadows within; and, yielding to these depressing influences, moral and material, he was ready to answer his own question in the negative.

Not often does the busy man find time to think soberly over his future—more rarely still the idle one. The difference is that, probably, the former may be working as by machinery on to some useful end, while the latter is cradling himself pleasantly on the ebb of a tide that floats him on to grief; and to him, a thought in season may be worth his world. We do not assert that Childersleigh's destinies were absolutely the sport of a passing fit of blue devils, and that the decision he was dallying over was to be an irrevocable one; but sure we are, when a man believes himself at a turning point in his career, it is hard to say how many leagues astray, the first wrong step he takes may carry him. Fortunately for Childersleigh, his good genius, in the very nick of time, blessed him with a happy, although a most prosaic, inspiration. As he drew his wet cloak closer round him, his hand chanced to rest on his pocket-flask. His numbed fingers managed to unscrew its top, and raise it to his chattering teeth, and the effect was magical. A thread of warmth ran down his shivering body; the sky began to show less cold: he was aware of a brighter glimmer in the east—reflection of the coming sunshine. He became growingly con-

scious of being a strong man, with a future to deal with as he pleased ; of having nothing to bar his way but the difficulties that were to be crushed by himself, who had created them. The contempt he felt for the set he lived with had never spared himself, but at no time had self-hatred and self-loathing been so strong within him as when he began to brighten up now. The mockery of calling himself a strong man, when a mere darkening of the sky was enough to cast his mind in gloom, and when the best courage he could muster was the inspiration of a mouthful of cognac. Under feelings so lightly swayed, had he been on the point of sitting down and confessing himself beaten, and that, too, just when the game had turned in his favour ? It was cowardice run mad, as he told himself. He felt nothing short of a series of triumphs over himself, his follies, and his habits could ever earn him his own pardon for his feebleness. As his new-born resolution assured him a field for his energies, his gloomy forebodings shaped themselves into visions of promise, while through them all flitted a figure marvellously resembling the lady of the lawn at Hampstead. Of course, the phantom shape wore an aureole of glory, and moved about spiritualized, more an angel than a mortal. In merciless self-injustice, he passed all his shortcomings in review, extenuating and pardoning the faults of others. So little did he "strain the quality of his mercy," that, for once in his life, he felt even friendly disposed towards Purkiss.

The sun came bursting out through the clouds, rolling back the damp mists, and making Shakspeare's Cliff to flush and glow like Parian marble in its native Greece ; but it did not want the sympathy of nature to raise his spirits. Right or wrong, and notwithstanding the solemn nature of his errand, never for very long had Hugh Childersleigh been so bright and happy as while flying on towards London in the Dover express.

CHAPTER V.

MISS CHILDERSLEIGH'S OBSEQUIES.

"Now, Sams, when you've taken the things down, drive straight on to Harley Street, and come back at once."

These had been Childersleigh's orders to his servant when the cab set him down at the Piccadilly entrance of the Albany, and Sams, cursing audibly the thoughtlessness that had spared him no time to repair his dilapidated toilette, had gone grumbling on his road.

"Just the way with them now ; no consideration. As if a gentleman like me hadn't his friends and his feelings, as well as his employers. I wonder 'ow he'd like himself driving through all the best parts of the town with his shirt-collar washed out of sight, and a hat that a fat old furriner's used for a pillow and made a gibus of. It's a good thing, though, it's September, and not a soul in town. But 'ad it been June it'd have

been all the same to him. Five 'undred Hupper 'Arley Street, cabby ; and it's a shilling more if you stick to the slums."

Arrived at his destination, the unlucky Sams saw the little precaution he had taken at his master's cost had been useless. Intense excitement prevailed. The pavements were obstructed by a gaping crowd, who, in spite of the ill-organized efforts of a couple of overheated policemen, overflowed each doorstep, and swarmed up on every coign of vantage. In such mansions as were unfashionable enough to harbour occupants, the high life from below had gathered into the second-floor windows. The bark that had buried the street when Purkiss paid his visit was gone with its cause, and not a chip remained. Four stately black horses, smothered in velvet, stood stamping and champing, tossing their waving plumes, and switching their ample tails, in a manner out of all keeping with the solemn nature of the occasion, and the dignified repose of the sorrowing mutes who lined the steps. But flies, like death, are no respecters of persons, and their assaults already "had taken it more out of the 'orses than if they had gone to Kensal Green and back," as their driver asseverated. One overgrown bluebottle, spite of his unwieldy size and looks, kept sportively settling on the melancholy features of Mr. Hatchment, delegated by the undertakers to the Royal Family as seneschal for the morning to the establishment of the late Miss Childersleigh, until, after bearing long sufferings with the constancy of a St. Simeon Stylites, he was fairly driven to seek shelter in the house. Behind the horses came the hearse, feathered from several dozen pairs of ostriches ; behind the hearse, the chariot of the Right Hon. the Earl of Hestercombe, the wigged and powdered coachman looking as much out of season in Harley Street in September as camellias in the Borough Market ; then the barouche of Sir Basil Childersleigh ; and then a mourning coach of Mr. Hatchment's, with four more coal-black steeds to match the team in the hearse.

Among all this solemn quietude of splendour, hack cab No. 4,700 came rattling up. Mr. Sams' feelings much resembled those of a young Guardsman set down at a levée from a costermonger's barrow. His republican cabman was neither abashed nor appalled, and, indeed, was just motioning to the charioteer of the sable team to get out of his way and let him draw up, when Mr. Sams checked him. Sams knew his master far too well to venture back without picking up any information he might chance to ask for,—so there was nothing for it but to face the ordeal and thread the jeering crowd.

Within-doors, the little party in the dining-room bore up pretty well, considering the cause of their assembling, and that the appointments of the room were far from being fitted to cheer their spirits. The blinds were down, of course ; thick curtains fell, as they always did, across the windows ; and the gloomy furniture looked as if it had been ordered some seventy years before, with an eye to ceremonies of the sort.

Driving straight from Hampstead to do the honours of the rite as nearest kinsman of the departed, Sir Basil had arrived the first.

"How d'ye do, Hooker?"—condescending elaborately to that faithful domestic over his old-fashioned stock,—“this is a mournful occasion.”

"Mournful, indeed, sir. I'm pretty well, I thank you, Sir Basil. Although, of course, I've had all the arrangements to see to, I'm thankful to say I've borne up pretty well."

Hooker produced his huge silk handkerchief and flourished it towards his eyes; but catching firmness, perhaps, from Sir Basil, who cared very little how Hooker bore it, and, indeed, rather took it as a liberty his bearing up at all, he thought better of it and replaced it.

"Might I offer you a glass of sherry, Sir Basil? It's early, I know, but you've a fatiguing day before you, sir."

"Not any for me, thank you, but it's possible some one else may want some. You may as well have it on the table."

"The old Amontillado, sir," commented Hooker, softly complying with the order; "the wine Mr. George laid down in '87?"

"Ah, the old Amontillado. It must be half-a-dozen years at least since I tasted it last. I should be curious to know how it keeps. One single drop, please. Stop, Hooker; why, I declare, you've filled the glass!"

Sir Basil was sipping the sherry critically, examining it scrutinizingly against what light there was, rolling the oil up and down the side of the glass, when a voice at his shoulder made him turn suddenly, feeling rather caught, and upsetting some of the wine.

"Beg a thousand pardons, I'm sure, Sir Basil. Most melancholy occasion. Ah, we never value what we have till we lose it!" And Dr. Pillington did speak feelingly, and looked very genuinely lachrymose. Indeed, as he had just lost a patient well worth all the rest of his connection put together, there could be no reason to doubt the sincerity of his grief. It is a good deal to secure one honest mourner at your tomb. "Excuse me, but you're doing the very thing I should have prescribed: sustaining yourself against sorrow,—nothing for shaking the system like it. It's a very long drive to Childersleigh, and a most exhausting thing on a summer day like this. You must be cautious, Sir Basil, and not catch a chill in the church. If you'll forgive my saying it, we can't easily spare men like you, and there's always danger in these extremes of heat and cold, especially when they follow on trouble."

"Do you accompany us all the way, Doctor?"

"Surely, Sir Basil, surely, if you'll allow me. Perhaps strict duty ought to keep me here, but my feelings take me there. It may be a weakness, but it's a melancholy pleasure I can't deny myself. Ah, well! the old Amontillado you say, Mr. Hooker? excellent, excellent I have no doubt; but, do you know, on an occasion like this I generally order Madeira, that's to say, when you can get Madeira? It's more fortifying. It's almost a pity, Mr. Hooker, speaking medically, that there wasn't a bottle of that yellow seal your poor mistress used to like."

"I believe I can find a bottle of it. As it happens, I think there was one bottle left out when the cellars were sealed."

"Then, if Sir Basil will pardon the great liberty, I say, speaking as a physician, bring it by all means."

Sir Basil did seem to think it a liberty, but as he didn't say so, Hooker went; and just then Purkiss was announced, who arrived from Lombard Street, and was closely followed by Mr. Rivington, the late Miss Childersleigh's man of business, a slight, pleasant-looking, elderly gentleman.

"How do you do, Sir Basil? I feared I was late, but I'm glad to see I'm before Lord Hestercombe."

"Men like Lord Hestercombe are slow to appreciate the value of time, but for his own sake he might have remembered that the day would be a long one."

Generally speaking, Sir Basil was delighted to meet Lord Hestercombe; but now that he had begun to realize that he or his family might find themselves monarchs of all they then surveyed, with the endowments, he would have much preferred that the peer had stayed away. If he came, it was to do honour to his nephew, the heir, and Sir Basil could not guess what form his annoyance might take should he find himself disappointed. Sir Basil had been disposed to sympathy when his son first broached the idea of Hugh being disinherited. Since then, he had so completely familiarized himself to counting the possible chickens that for him they were as good as hatched. And in the process, he had so taught himself to look on Hugh as a hopeless prodigal, that instead of respecting him as the wealthy head of his house, now he would feel seriously aggrieved did the property go as for the last ten years he had believed it certainly would go.

At any rate, he had very happily divined Lord Hestercombe's feelings, as the reader may judge from the following fragment of a dialogue that passed at Rushbrook.

"Well, old Miss Childersleigh's gone at last. I only wish it had been before we went out of town, for I suppose one or other of us must be at the funeral. It would be only a proper attention to Hugh."

And his lordship tossed the letter containing the announcement over the table to his son, Lord Rushbrook.

"Gone, is she? Well, she was the last woman in the world to consult any one's convenience but her own. She certainly has not hurried herself; but Hugh has the most reason to complain. She's kept him hanging on and off for ever so many years."

Lord Hestercombe looked as if he doubted whether his son might not mean something personal; but Rushbrook was chipping an egg with an air of perfect unconsciousness.

"About going to the funeral?"

"Of course, as head of the family, your presence would be much appreciated, my lord, and all that."

"It would be the same thing if you were to go, Rushbrook; and I've arranged to drive across to Horton that day to Sowerby's sale of short-horn heifers."

"I only wish I could. I'm sure I'd be too happy to take it off your hands ; but it's the very day I asked Hatherton and Washington Lloyd to shoot over Trimlington."

"Well, then, I suppose I must. It's a great nuisance ; but I should be sorry to miss the chance of putting things smooth again with Hugh. He's behaved very ill ; but now that he's come to his property, let bygones be bygones. As luck would have it, the chariot's in town still, having the panel that was poled put to rights. I'll send up Stephens and the bays."

So Lord Hestercombe came, determined to forgive and forget. After all, he did not try Sir Basil's patience long, and, as we have seen, he and Stephens and the bays, and a six-foot footman to boot, had come to swell the pageant. Lord Hestercombe, always something of a bon-vivant, and taking exercise enough to condone any amount of liberties with his constitution, tried the Madeira, and found it excellent. To brace himself for the labours of the day, he had one glass and then another, and bestowed anything but a friendly glance on Mr. Hatchment, when, noiselessly turning the door back on its hinges, he whispered the guests to departure.

As they were going through the form of accepting the gloves he forced on them, Hooker slipped gently past, and breathed in Sir Basil's ear,—

"Mr. Childersleigh's man, Sir Basil—come to ask after the poor departed. They've only just come to town, and I ventured to tell him to stop. I thought you might wish to see him."

"God bless me," said Sir Basil, audibly, and a good deal put out. "Pardon me, gentlemen—Lord Hestercombe,—Hugh Childersleigh, I hear, is in town. As yet, he knows nothing of the melancholy event, and has sent his servant here. What had we better do in the circumstances ?"

"Do ?" said Lord Hestercombe. "If these gentlemen will permit it, considering the relation Hugh stands in to the late mistress of the house, and that, in fact, he is at home here now, I should advise putting the man into my carriage, and telling him to send it back with his master, and that without losing an instant."

"Certainly," rejoined Sir Basil, with a tartness he failed to suppress. "In the event of Hugh's finding himself the master here, he would naturally have wished to do the honours on this mournful occasion ; but I must remind your lordship that our arrangement with the Rector is for 2 o'clock. As it is, we should have been on the road half an hour ago."

"It might be more comfortable for all parties," suggested Mr. Rivington,—“and, in the circumstances, Mr. Childersleigh cannot possibly suppose we mean him any disrespect,—were he to go quietly down by train, and meet us at the church.”

"So be it, sir," said Lord Hestercombe, rather curtly, and striding to the door. He did not like Sir Basil's tone in hinting a doubt of

Hugh's heirship. He liked it the less that it woke some doubts that lay lurking in his own bosom ; and he felt that if the contents of the will were a disappointment, not only his nephew, but he who came to assist at his nephew's apotheosis, would have been grossly ill-used. He was angry with Sir Basil now, and far from sure that he might not have still better cause for anger later ; so he did what he could to snub him by courteously begging Mr. Rivington to be his companion in the chariot. Sir Basil took his revenge by ordering Purkiss with him into his barouche, with no notice whatever of Pillington, who rather ruefully ensconced himself in the mourning coach, where Mr. Hooker, after seeing the other vehicles in motion, came to join him as a matter of course, and thus added to his humiliation. The bystanders, who turned to stare at the passing *cortège*, read in the gloomy faces at the windows evidences of a very great deal of right feeling.

Mr. Sams took back a civil message, worded by Mr. Rivington ; and Hugh, little surprised at the news, but feeling them more than he could have thought possible, despatched his arrangements, and drove to Victoria. He got out at the well-known country station, and strolled quietly across the fields, to find himself at his home in ample time to receive the funeral party. Suburban neighbourhood as it had become, Mr. Childersleigh of Childersleigh was still something of a personage, and his coming fortune, he found, had cast its shadow or its light before him.

"Welcome home, Mr. Childersleigh," said the free and easy station-master. "I hope we shall see more of you in future, sir. You did the wise thing in coming down with us. The dust will have put the rest of them into something less than half mourning by the time they turn up. Regular pepper and salt 'twill be, I'll pound it."

Mr. Childersleigh acknowledged the congratulations of the smirking gentleman, whom he did not remember even by sight, with a stare that cut them short, and walked on, relapsing into his reflections. A hundred yards or so, and the path dropped into a hollow, running between a copse and high thorn hedge, and a rush-grown mill-lead. To all intents and purposes the place might have been a hundred miles from the city, instead of figuring in the suburban rates at three-and-sixpence in the pound. Rising the little hill by the old mill, draped in its masses of sparrow-haunted ivy ; passing along by the still pool where the trout lolled in the black water under the dipping branches and among the gnarled roots of the great chestnuts, he found himself by the well-remembered turnstile that opened in the pales of Childersleigh Park. Many a time as a boy had he caught his flies in that hanging beech-bough, while threading the awkward passage, with his rod all standing, on his way to whip the mill-tail beyond. Within the park, except that sheep had replaced the deer, things were much as they used to be. There was the great beech avenue, the pride of the county, the cool green shadows sleeping as of old under the dense foliage, except where the sun was flinging a road of light along the brown gap, torn through it by the great storm of two winters back. There was the old

shell of the Friar's oak, with leaves that you might count on its one solitary bough, and by its side a young one had shot up from the acorn, the planting of which was one of his earliest childish memories.

Turning the corner of the square-cut yew hedge that screened off the garden wall, the old place rose before him just as it used to look,—a wilderness of pointed roofs and quaint chimneys, pinnacles and vanes and rampant unicorns;—running out in bays and gables, wantoning in every eccentricity of outline: the red bricks here glowing in the light, there glooming in the shade. It looked the more sombre that its tenant, Marxby, the rich contractor, had had all the blinds drawn down to do homage to the opening of the Childersleigh vault.

"How well they've kept the old place," thought Childersleigh; "but I'm afraid Marxby must go all the same." And again the visions of quiet happiness that had lightened his musing voyage across the Channel, rose before him.

The old church, with its low thick churchyard wall, formed, with the mansion, the two sides of the vast square grass-plat. Turning aside he walked towards the church door, where, under the yews, a group was seated on the tombstones. He shook one of them warmly by the hand, holding it still in his own, while the old man's hard features relaxed grimly.

"Ah, Mr. Hugh, you're just the old man yet, never a bit changed. Whiles they threep to me that you're prood. 'Him prood!' says I. 'Gin a body were his ain brither born he couldna' speak till him mair kind.' I never hearken till you but all my English is clean gaen at ance, and the last thirty years to the back of it."

"There's little change, I'm glad to see, Patterson, either about you or the place."

"No, there's no that muckle change. Mr. Marxby likes to gang his ain gate, and he's sair to drive; but he's no that ill to kittle. 'Odd, Mr. Hugh, here I am always at the Scotch, and I do not believe I've spoken it twice since I saw you last. But you'll have come back to stay among us, sir?"

"Not if you take to talking English, depend upon it, Patterson; but here they come, I see;" and the faint grinding of wheels on gravel, and the glancing of distant patches of black through the tree-trunks, announced the approach of the funeral.

Hugh stepped forward gravely to receive it, and nothing beyond some shakes of the hands and "How d'ye do's" passed between him and the arrivals. While the service went forward, leaning in the old place, looking across the chancel and over his mother's grave to where he used to sit by her side, he felt himself in a place haunted by feelings forgotten there since his childhood. Their influence gained and mastered him. His thoughts strayed wide of the service; but we may question whether for many a year they had employed themselves half so well.

The ceremony over, as they left the church Mr. Rivington was the first to welcome him.

"Marxby was very civil," he went on; "he wrote to place the house at our disposal and beg us to have lunch there, but after talking it over with Sir Basil, we decided it was better to decline. We thought we should want our time as we had business to get through on our return."

"You did very wisely, I think, Mr. Rivington. For my part I am very grateful to you for sparing me some embarrassment; but I hope the pleasure of seeing you at Childersleigh is only deferred."

Mr. Rivington merely bowed, which Childersleigh could not help thinking was rather less than courteous, even in a man habitually taciturn. Lord Hestercombe, too, was cool in his greetings; but Hugh, still in the glow of his recent good resolutions, told himself the fault was his, and insisted on pressing cordially the three fingers extended to him.

"Believe me, I'm very grateful to you for taking the trouble to come up from Rushbrook in September. How did you leave my aunt and Alice?"

"I've made it my rule through life, Hugh, to be strictly attentive to all its duties—punctiliously attentive. I only wish every one else could say the same. Your aunt and cousin are very well indeed, I trust."

By way of compromise with his rising temper, Hugh gave his shoulders a shrug so slight as barely to raise a wrinkle on his coat back. He turned to Sir Basil, but Sir Basil had walked on and was affecting to be deep in talk with Rivington.

Hugh knew the world in general, and Sir Basil in particular, pretty well, and this cavalier treatment of the presumptive heir to Miss Childersleigh's wealth caused him some vague apprehensions—apprehensions which grew on him at the pleasant cordiality of Purkiss.

"Ah, Hugh, here you are at last. We'd quite given you up, I assure you. We've been looking for you every day; but I always told them, 'Depend upon it, Hugh's far too sensible to put himself out of his way, and hurry home for a funeral.'"

"You were wrong then. I took the very first train after I heard the news."

"Well, I'm sure it was extremely good of you; and you're going back at once, I suppose?"

"When I've arranged my plans I'll let you know, since you're so much interested in them," rejoined Hugh, still with much effort keeping himself calm and tolerably civil. "George is not here, I see?"

George was Purkiss's elder brother, before alluded to, and now a captain in the 30th Hussars.

"He's down at Killoden, seeing the last of the grouse. They've had a deal of rain there, and the birds have been as wild as hawks. Now it's warm again, he writes, and they're sitting fairly enough in Strathgrumble and by Blackwater side. Why don't you go down and help him? You've never much to do, you know. Strathgrumble's hot; but you'll find it cooler than Pall Mall, I can tell you."

"I fear, for once, business must keep me in town," said Hugh, now

seriously uneasy at Purkiss's unwonted hospitality and vivacity, and, as he feared, showing his anxiety.

"I only hope, for your sake, it's worth staying for then. But here we are at the carriages. We drive over to the station, and go back by rail. We've had a benefit of the road already."

The other gentlemen were standing by the carriage-doors. Both Lord Hestercombe and Sir Basil, although they still seemed to shun a *tête-à-tête* with Hugh, were a good deal less chilling than they had been. Each had had time to recollect that their respective hopes and fears might have been hurrying them too fast; and Lord Hestercombe in particular, whose castle in the air had only been breached by a chance remark of Sir Basil's, began to transfer his indignation back to that gentleman, and relent in proportion towards his nephew.

"Come along, Hugh. We shall have twenty minutes at the station before the train starts; and you'll find some sandwiches and sherry, I believe."

"Thanks, my lord; but I've got some orders for my gardener. I'll speak to him, and follow you on foot."

And with a grave bow, Hugh turned away, and beckoned up Patterson, who had been watching him from a little distance with the wistful gaze of a hard-favoured old sheep-dog, who fears his master is going to leave him without a sign.

Patterson had been imported from Scotland before Hugh's birth, and had been his fast friend ever since he could toddle.

"God bless you, Mr. Hugh, for minding on me among a' they great folk. I'd have likit ill to have seen ye gae without anither grip o' the hand. But you'll be come among us for good now?"

A quarter of an hour before, Hugh would have said yes. Now he parried with a—

"We don't know what's before us, Patterson, as you often remark."

"'Deed, sir, that's sure enough. But now that you're a rich man, ye wouldna' think of leaving the auld place to Marxby and his like. No' that I'm saying onything against Marxby. He's nae bad body; but he's no you, Mr. Hugh, and that's the lang and the short o't."

"Well, well, we'll see, Patterson;" and Hugh forced something into the old man's hand.

"Paper, Mr. Hugh! Oh lord, sir, what's the meaning o' this? If it means you're no coming back, I'll hae nane o' it. Here, tak' it back, sir, and lat me think I may look to see you again."

"See me again—of course you will. But good-by, Patterson, good-by. I must be off if I mean to catch the train."

The old man shook his head doubtfully, and shook it again when he saw his master turn at the corner of the hedge and take a long look back at the house.

"What can it a' mean? The auld woman was ill eneuch gin a' tales be true; but de'il tak' me, if I'll believe yet she was sae ill as to leave the sillar past Mr. Hugh."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERMS OF THE MATCH.

THE party that had left Harley Street in the morning, were assembled there again, with the exception of Pillington, with the addition of Hugh. The thoughtful Hooker had arranged everything in readiness for them. Hugh kept himself quietly in the background, carefully avoiding any appearance of doing the honours. Lord Hestercombe dropped into an armchair; he was too anxious to stand on ceremony, and he showed his anxiety, which his nephew did not; Sir Basil therefore hastily appropriated the other: a bad sign for him, Hugh gloomily soliloquized to himself as he took his own seat, with his back to the light, and his elbow resting on the table. As for Purkiss, with one foot on the fender, he stood leaning on the chimney-piece, his fingers nervously tapping its marble. Finally, Mr. Rivington placed himself with something of formality in an old-fashioned wooden-elbowed chair, which he drew to the table, deliberately secured his gold spectacles on the bridge of his high nose, looked slowly round the room and coughed: in his lawyer nature, he could not resist making the most of a momentous moment, and playing for an instant with his victims.

"Well, sir," said Lord Hestercombe impatiently, "we may understand, I believe, that you are the depositary of the last wishes of Miss Childersleigh?"

"I think, my lord, I am in a position to assure you that the paper I hold in my hand contains the last will and testament of that lady. Is it your pleasure, gentlemen, that I should proceed to communicate its contents?"

"Certainly, sir; most certainly!" said Lord Hestercombe. Sir Basil bowed. A tightening in the throat and about the heart prevented his speaking had he wished it. Hugh nodded. Purkiss said nothing; he was white as a sheet, and his trembling hand was beating the tattoo in somewhat quicker time.

Mr. Rivington slowly unfolded a formidable-looking document, and proceeded to read it with due emphasis and point. We need not bore our readers as he tantalized his audience. It was dated six months previously, and after several pages of prelude, went on to revoke all former wills and codicils whatever,—mere words of form as we know. It narrated how the extravagant habits of her kinsman and heir-at-law, Hugh Childersleigh, filled the testatrix with alarm, and the share she had had in causing them with remorse; that the sums of money she had profusely supplied him with, had done him, she feared, serious injury; and that as the sole means of reparation in her power, as well as the highest tribute to the talents she knew him to possess, she had determined to dispose of her property as she deemed most to his advantage: *therefore* she willed and bequeathed all her property, real and personal, &c. &c., to Sir Basil Walter Childersleigh, and John Henry Rivington, in trust for

the use and the purpose following, viz. :—to pay and transfer to the said Hugh Childersleigh, if at the expiry of three full years from the date of her demise, he should establish, to the satisfaction of the said trustees, that he was seised and possessed, otherwise than by marriage, of a sum equal to that left by her, and after deduction of all lawful debts, in the possession of the said trustees; *failing that*—and here Mr. Rivington paused and took snuff—that it should be disposed of according to the destination indicated in a sealed paper placed along with the will in the charge of the said John Henry Rivington, and to be retained by him or his representative until the expiry of the said three years. The property was burdened with the immediate payment of 20,000*l.*, to the said Hugh Childersleigh; of 500*l.* to each of her faithful servants, Peter Hooker and Rachel Parkyns; of an annuity of 70*l.* to her dear companion and charge, Lucy Winter; and of the sum of five guineas to her beloved kinsman, Purkiss Childersleigh, in testimony of her appreciation of his unremitting, affectionate, and disinterested attentions, to be invested in the purchase of a mourning ring, or in such other way as might seem best to him. To the said Hugh Childersleigh she also left the option of personally using her house in Harley Street, and the furniture therein, for the three years in question.

Mr. Purkiss Childersleigh, with blanched face and livid lips, muttered something that even in that extremity his sense of the proprieties helped him to stifle. His father sat clutching fitfully with his hand at the elbow of his chair; the money so longed for and counted on seemed likely to make itself wings and fly away from either branch of the family, and he felt like a man who has slipped down half-stunned between a couple of stools, and has had no time to make up his mind how far he is hurt. Lord Hestercombe looked across to where his nephew sat, not having moved a muscle of his face or body, and as he had the least direct interest in the matter, he was the first to find his voice.

"The woman who made that will must have been mad, quite mad. My nephew will dispute it, of course."

"Mad, quite mad," echoed Sir Basil, abstractedly.

"Mad as a March hare, confound her malice," chimed in Purkiss, savagely, delighted to find a safety-valve for his simmering passions.

"I understand your astonishment, gentlemen," said Rivington, "and break no confidence when I state that I very strongly urged Miss Childersleigh to pause before executing that deed. But you all knew her character, and are aware she was the last person to be moved from her purpose by expostulations. She was always extremely eccentric, but I am bound to say, as it would be my professional duty to repeat anywhere, that she was never more sane than when she attached this signature. Let me add that in my opinion the will is too much in keeping with her known character, and the reasons it assigns—whatever their value—are expressed too lucidly and pointedly, to suggest even a suspicion of insanity."

"Well, sir, that remains to be seen," said Lord Hestercombe, getting up and buttoning his coat.

"Infamous, infamous, perfectly outrageous!" harped in Sir Basil.

"Gentlemen," said Hugh, breaking silence and speaking very gravely, "perhaps I need hardly remind you that no one of us has more reason to feel disappointed, and, I may add, hurt, than myself. I fear Mr. Rivington is right, and that there can be no question of the validity of the will. That, however, as my uncle says, is a matter that may be discussed later. In the meantime, and assuming it to be good, may I thank you, as temporary master of the house, for the respect you have paid the memory of its late mistress? Good-morning, Sir Basil. I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at Hampstead before leaving town."

Sir Basil was on the point of venting his own disappointment in an outbreak of violent indignation at Hugh's folly, but the manner and look of the other made him think better of it; and, mumbling something that might bear any interpretation, he followed Purkiss, who had already burst into the street in a cold perspiration.

Then Hugh turned to his uncle.

"Believe me, my dear uncle, although the blow falls on me, that I feel for your natural annoyance."

"Annoyed, sir! have I not too good reason to be annoyed? But henceforth I wash my hands of you. I told you how it would be when you flung your profession after your mother's money, and threw your best friends over for that wretched old woman."

"Pardon me, uncle. Do me justice, at least. I never threw you over. You were vexed because I let myself be guided in some measure by Miss Childersleigh's wishes, when, besides acting most liberally by me, she as good as promised that I, her nearest relative, should be her heir."

"It's the same thing. I warned you, and you would not be warned; and it only serves you right that she leaves you what I daresay will barely pay your debts, and makes a fool of you in her very will. However, as you take it all so quietly, I have no doubt your arrangements are made for the future; and I have the honour of wishing you a very good morning."

"I am extremely grieved at all this, if you will forgive my saying so, Mr. Childersleigh," said Rivington, returning to the room from which he had discreetly withdrawn; "the more so, that I have been the unwilling instrument of harming you. It pained me greatly at the time, and I would have given much to help it all."

"I do not blame you for a moment, Mr. Rivington."

"I trust not, for it would be very unjust if you did. When I saw it was hopeless to induce Miss Childersleigh to change her mind, I strove very hard, believe me, to persuade her not to tantalize you with that absurd condition."

"Absurd, of course."

"Yes, of course. Extravagant! Three years given to do it in, and marriage barred. It's a mockery."

"A mockery, as you say. Well, Mr. Rivington, will you charge yourself with telling Hooker of his legacy. Upon my word, I think he

has some reason to be disappointed too. I'll undertake the announcement to Mrs. Parkyns. I must thank her for sending me the message that brought me here."

"You'll see me again soon, I hope, Mr. Childersleigh? Believe me, if I could help you in any one way, nothing would give me more sincere pleasure."

"Thank you, Mr. Rivington, I believe it. I daresay I shall have no occasion to tax your kindness; but, strange as it may seem, I'd come to you at least as willingly as to any of my relations," he added, with a bitter smile.

"He bears it well," thought the lawyer; "but, tough as he is, I fear the rebound will strain him. Upon my word, I don't often get excited, but I could curse the old woman myself. I thought I'd got pretty well rid of curiosity, too; but I'd give a trifle to know what caprice she's sealed up there in that paper. But here comes Hooker."

It was hard to tell how far Mr. Hooker was satisfied with his legacy.

"I'm glad she's remembered me; but, after all, Mr. Rivington, what's money to a contented mind? We're here to-day and gone to-morrow."

Mr. Rivington unceremoniously cut short what threatened to be a flow of moral aphorisms.

"Talking of being here to-day and gone to-morrow, I ought to tell you that Mr. Childersleigh is master of the house for the next three years; and of course I cannot say what his arrangements may be about the servants."

"If you mean with regard to me, Mr. Rivington, I do not know that, in any case it would suit me to remain. Mr. Hugh is, I have no doubt, an excellent young man, but I have been accustomed to move in a graver society than he is likely to keep. Besides, I feel I've had nearly enough of service."

"I'm glad to hear you've feathered your nest so well. I always thought you a careful man."

"I trust I have not neglected my opportunities, sir."

"That I'll swear you never did. Well, good morning, Hooker;" and the house-door closed on the lawyer.

Meanwhile Hugh had been in confab with Mrs. Parkyns. Parkyns was the very opposite of Hooker. She was short, slight, and wiry; he, as we have said, tall, plump, and sleek. Mrs. Parkyns had a refined acerbity of manner that was become chronic with her, although it was not constitutional. On the contrary, when she came to Miss Childersleigh twenty years before, she had been a pleasant, civil little woman, with a heart at least as warm as her temper. But the warmest nature is apt to turn sour under constant mortification of the spirit, and although Rachel Parkyns took snubs from her mistress as among the duties of her place, she never kept them longer than she could help, and passed them on promptly to some one else. Hugh's handsome face and pleasant manner had made her conquest long ago, and as her mistress continually

abused him to her, he had kept his hold on her affections. Now she came into the darkened drawing-room, fluttering in fresh black headstreamers, rustling in new crape and bombazine, a smile on her face, although her handkerchief, as in decency bound, was pressed to her eye.

"A sad time we've had of it, Mr. Hugh. It's a pity you weren't here to see her before she died, poor lady. I'm sure often's the time I've vowed I would leave her; and what her temper sometimes used to be, no mortal could tell." From force of habit, Mrs. Parkyns's own temper had bolted with her, as it always did when she got on that subject; but recollecting herself, she pulled up, and melted literally as well as figuratively. "But she was a good mistress and a liberal one. Ah! you'll be a rich man now, Mr. Hugh."

"I wished to see you, Parkyns, to thank you for your great thoughtfulness in sending me that message. It reached me too late to be sure, but that was no fault of yours."

"It was addressed all right enough, Mr. Hugh; that I'm certain of. I made Miss Winter copy it out, for I don't know overmuch myself about them foreign names; and, to tell you the honest truth—for I wouldn't take credit where I don't deserve it—I only spoke of writing, and it was Miss Winter thought of telegraphing."

"Oh, Miss Winter. How is she? I had almost forgotten her."

"She's well enough now. How she may be hereafter 'll depend on what Miss Childersleigh left her, for she hasn't a sixpence."

And Parkyns looked curiously at Hugh. Although the excitement of the meeting had made her forgetful for a moment, she remembered now it was a question of bequest to herself.

"Then, poor girl, I fear she'll be indifferently off. She's got nothing more than seventy pounds a year; and that reminds me, Parkyns, there's five hundred for you."

"Five, Mr. Hugh; and little enough, I'm sure, after all the years I've been fussing over her, and muddling after, and putting up with her tantrums. Why, bless you, if you were only to add the natural rest she's robbed me of, it would make the waking time twice as long again. But, after all, for one that would have done more, there's ten might have done less; and she didn't mean badly, poor soul, I do believe."

"I only wish she had left Miss Winter better provided for."

"She's got enough, Mr. Hugh. I wonder to hear you, sir. She's been here but two years, and done little enough at that; and I've lived in her very room for twenty. Yet I don't mean that, either. I should have been glad if she had left the girl seven hundred a year for the matter of that. I've saved money, and Lucy Winter never had money to save, and never will of her own earning: and then Miss Childersleigh always promised to provide for her; I will say that. Perhaps you'd like to tell her yourself, sir?"

"Not I, Parkyns. As I've no better news, I must ask you to do it

for me. Yet stay, I don't know. Perhaps I ought to do it. She may think I'm Miss Childersleigh's heir."

"Why, you don't ever mean to tell me you're not!" shrieked Parkyns. "You don't mean to say she's thrown you over, and for them banker people, too?"

"Never mind that now, Parkyns," said Childersleigh, and the hard ring of his voice checked any display of sympathy; "would you mind taking my compliments to Miss Winter, and asking if she could spare me ten minutes?"

He longed, and yet feared, for the time when he should be alone, free to brood among the wrecks of his hopes. In the meantime, he took a Spartan pleasure in courting tasks, and discharging them down in their very drudgery of detail, and in carrying himself as if he felt as little as he showed; yet all the time he despised himself for a braggadocio. For the interview with Lucy Winter, he only wished it over. He looked for a scene, and scenes he hated. All he knew of her was from occasional glimpses, caught during his rare visits to Harley Street. He had seen her, perhaps, some twenty times; heard her open her lips about half as often. He had thought of her as a rather light and pretty bit of furniture, that used to make the gloomy old rooms look the gloomier by contrast. When Miss Childersleigh spoke sharply to her, in his hearing, as she spoke sharply to every one, it roused his latent chivalry a shade the more than when she abused Parkyns. Lucy was young, although ungainly and angular; and Parkyns was a red-nosed, middle-aged woman, perfectly able to hold her own, if she liked. His common sense, moreover, told him Lucy was well off where she was, and that his interference would only make things worse for her; so, although Parkyns was disposed to be platonically jealous of Mr. Hugh's preferences, he had done nothing that even her perverted ingenuity could twist into cause of offence.

It had been Parkyns's first idea that she ought to come down to play propriety; but with the recollection of Hugh's unaffected indifference fresh in her mind, she magnanimously let their interview be a *tête-à-tête*. So enter Lucy alone, very shy and very shrinking, scarcely daring to raise her large hazel eyes, but timidly stealing glances through their long, brown fringes.

"My apology for disturbing you at a time like this, Miss Winter, must be my wish that you should know as soon as possible what Miss Childersleigh's arrangements are, and, besides, I must thank you on my own account for thinking of me as Parkyns tells me you did."

"I—really I did nothing. It was Mrs. Parkyns who thought you would wish to be here as succeeding to Miss Childersleigh."

"As for my succeeding to Miss Childersleigh, Miss Winter, on that score you might have spared your kindness. But that reminds me. Nothing but business would have induced me to trouble you now; and deeply grieved I am that mine is not more pleasant. I well know you had every reason to believe you would find yourself amply provided for; but——"

"But what?" said the girl, staring up boldly and half angrily in his face—"but what? You don't mean to tell me surely that Miss Childersleigh—"

"Just like the rest of us!" sneered Hugh to himself, "only she shows it something more *naively*. She hasn't the strength to be a hypocrite, that's all;" and shrugging his shoulders slightly, his voice hardened as he went on,—

"She leaves you, Miss Winter, an annuity of seventy pounds."

Lucy sunk down on a sofa close by, crossed her arms on the cushions, and resting her head on them, broke into a storm of sobs that shook her slight figure convulsively. Childersleigh looked on unmoved, except that his features assumed an amused expression, slightly mingled with contempt and disappointment. He felt almost grateful to her for raising him in his own eyes, as he thought how much better in every way he, hardened man of the world as he was, bore the blow that had fallen on him than this unformed girl, who seemed born the incarnation of worldly wisdom. In his first compassion for her, he had treated her, in thought as in act, with a respectful observance, that would have been overstrained had it not been for her forlorn condition. Now, he studied her half indifferently, as a pretty piece of art, flesh and blood truly, but worse than soulless. He traced resemblances in the heavy braids of rich brown un-chignonned hair, and the graceful head they twisted round, to those of an old love of his—Titian's "St. Catherine," in the Louvre; wondered that he had never remarked the graceful fall of her shoulders even through her badly cut dresses; and speculated how many years must pass before those shoulder-blades softened into lines of purer beauty. Pity, he moralized, all should be marred by so grovelling a mind.

Brought to herself by his silence, Lucy started suddenly up, to catch the expression flitting from his features. The light that seemed to break on her acted more powerfully than any restorative could have done. Her brow flushed and darkened, and flushed again. Flashes of anger broke from her swimming eyes, like lightning from rain-clouds, and Childersleigh stood astounded and almost terrified at the transformation. Almost as quickly as it had risen, the tumult of feeling died down, the sobs came the more violently for the sudden check, while the pent-back tears streamed fast on her black dress, as she murmured out in broken accents,—

"Do forgive my folly, Mr. Childersleigh. I forgot I could not hope you should understand me; but it almost breaks my heart. Can you fancy me so mean as to cry for the money she might have left me? But I did believe she had come to care for me, when she promised that it should be her charge that I never came to trouble in the future. And now I am without a friend, and I know I never had one."

Revulsion of feeling deprived Childersleigh, for the moment, of thought and speech. He never doubted her sincerity. He would have done it if he could, but there was something in her accents that carried conviction

in spite of him. He felt so utterly humiliated at his own blasphemous sneers over feelings he had been too dull to appreciate, so remorseful at having actually glorified his own hard worldliness at her cost. He felt more bashful and less at ease than even Lucy herself, and shrunk from the rôle of comforter, much as he longed to play it. So completely did she occupy his thoughts, that for the moment he almost forgot that the afternoon had made his own prospects a blank. Perhaps, on the whole he was less annoyed than thankful, when Hooker, softly opening the door, paused and stood bowing apologetically with his fingers on the handle.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Hugh, I'm sure ; but I understood it was Mrs. Parkyns you were talking to ;" and he looked so suspiciously unconscious, and so decorously proper, that Hugh would have given a handsome cheque for an excuse for knocking him down.

"What do you want, Hooker ? I am engaged with Miss Winter, you see."

"Nothing very particular, sir. I only came to take your orders in some points, but of course they can wait your convenience."

And Hooker still kept hold of the handle with an expression on his face that made Hugh curb himself for his companion's sake.

"Go to the devil," was what rose to his lips, but "Stay a moment, Hooker ; I'll come downstairs with you," was all that fell from them.

He stepped up to Lucy, and this time pressed her hand in honest warmth.

"Trust in me as a friend, Miss Winter ; and believe that all I can do for you, I will do. Unluckily for the moment, my future is nearly as much of a blank as I fear yours is."

Without a blush this time, she raised to him eyes full of gratitude and surprise ; but he had turned to leave the room without waiting for her answer.

